

Vol. VIII.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, Publishers.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, one year, . . 3.00
(Two copies, one year, . . 5.00)
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No. 380

IN SUMMERTIME.

The rose is blossoming out on the spray, A little red world that will last for a day The mother-bird broods on her mossy nest, With a sweeter song in her speckled breast Than was ever caught in any words Of the curious language of men or birds. The robin is rocking, too lazy to sing, Or put his head under his dappled wing; Rocking and swinging, and now and then He chirps to his mate, and is mute again. I hear the tinkle of bells afar On the sun-flecked slopes where the daisi The low of cattle comes down the hills, And blends with the ripple of laughing rills. The air is sweet with the scent of grass, That has fallen in swaths where the mo

There is silence here that is full of sound, And I dream that the world is encha

I hear in the music of brook and bird A language that fits no spoken word, But is written out by the hand of God From his great warm heart in the sky and sod. I dream while the sleepy robin swings, Of a thousand happy and peaceful things, For care is banished, and gone away From sight and sound of this happy day. My thoughts are so restful, from care so free, That they seem like the song of a drowsy bee, Sung to the chiming of lily-bells, Swung by a wind-elf in wildwood dells. Oh, days of summer, so full of rest! Oh, dreams that are only dreams at best! I would keep you always, if that might be, But work, not dreaming, is waiting for me.

"Richard is Himself Again."

The Velvet Hand:

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCK THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

PROLOGUE.

NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING. DARK and gloomy were the clouds that lowered around great Shasta's snow-covered The hour of midnight was near at hand, and the slow-rising moon, struggling in the embrace of the thick and envious clouds, barely lighted up the night.

On the north-western side of the peak, where one of the edges of the old crater had broken away, thus forming a small circular plateau about a hundred yards in diameter, a huge fire was brightly burning.

By the fire, and feeding the flames, stood a tall, dark form.

The copper-colored face, the massive features as well as the forest-prairie garb of deerskin which he wore plainly told that the man was

Far below in the valley twinkled the lights of the mining town of Cinnabar, and in the main street of that young metropolis of the Shasta valley, a group of miners were gathered, eagerly trying, with the aid of a powerful glass, to discover the meaning of the unusual beacon blazing so brightly on the side of giant Shasta's peak.

"Some of the buck's heathen ceremonies! the word went around, as, by the aid of the glass, the miners made out that the tall form standing by the burning pile was a savage

Little did the men of Cinnabar dream that the blazing beacon was to serve as a funeralpyre for the mortal remains of the long-beard-Cherokee, the Injun Dick of "Overland Kit," the untiring pursuer of "Rocky Mountain Rob," the Richard Talbot, superintendent of the Cinnabar Mine, of "Kentuck," and the dreaded White Rider, the Death-Shot of Shasta, who made such a fearful fight for the Cinnabar lode, as detailed in the pages of "Injun Dick.

side," the hero had muttered, after receiving the chance shot, his death-wound, seemingly. And O-wa-te (Mud-turtle), the Blackfoot chief, who had traveled far from the home of his tribe, seeking the friend of his early days nabar.

in the golden California land, promised to respect the injunction. Then the stricken man had swooned away. and the Indian, bending anxiously over the still form, believed that death's dark angel had set his fatal signet upon the brow of lion-heart-

ed Talbot. Motionless by the side of the body, with his head muffled in his blanket after the fashion of his people when mourning for the loved and lost, the chief had remained until the midnight hour was near at hand; then, to the top of Shasta's peak he bore the senseless form of the man who had been unto him like a



The two road-agents nodded to their chief when he appeared, for the solitary horseman was Captain Death.

the Indian knelt by the side of the form, now so cold and still, a last farewell to

The eyes of the chief were heavy with tears as he looked upon the face of the man he had loved so well. Even the stoic nature of the savage gave way before the grief of that And then, bending over, he took the helpless

form within his arms

A second only the Indian pressed the sense ss figure against his own broad breast, and then with a wild start and a half-shriek, almost womanly in its nature, he placed the body again upon the cold earth, and glared with eager eyes upon the passive face.

Life was not yet extinct! In some little corner of the manly frame the

vital spark still lingered. The random shot had struck fairly home, but so strong the constitution of iron-limbed Injun Dick that the potent lead, which would have carried death to almost any other mortal, had

only produced a deathlike swoon. The heart was beating feebly, and the savage chief, well gifted in the rude medical practice of his race, doubted not that he could save the

The fight for the Cinnabar mine was not vet Injun Dick Talbot lived, and while he breathed no mortal man might hope to possess the Cinnabar lode in peace. Again it would

The eyes opened; the great dark eyes, as keen as the orbs of a wildcat, and yet at times as soft in their light and as lustrous as the stargazers of a beautiful girl.

Slowly the life came back to the manly form, and then, as the red chief raised the head of the reviving man upon his knee, the eves of Talbot fell upon the distant lights of Cin-

"Again I pass from the shadows of the valley of death, and wake to life; Cinnabar, thy glories are mine, and mortal man shall not wrest them from me. By fair means or foul again I'll own the Cinnabar lode, and woe to the men who dare to stand between me and

And the pale stars, glittering above, re-

gistered the oath.

CHAPTER I. THE VELVET HAND.

the man who had been unto him like a rother.

AGAIN we write of the young metropolis of the Shasta valley, thrivin; Cinnabar City.

We take up the recital of the fortunes of this

year from the time when the beacon fire, blaz- with black eyes and hair, which he wore long ing on the side of Shasta, had attracted the attention of the inhabitants.

And, during the year, Cinnabar had changed considerably. Many of the former

taken their places. The Cinnabar lode had been sold for taxes. and had been purchased for quite a small sum by a gentleman named Fernando del Colma, a native Californian, originally a cattle-raiser on the lower coast, near Los Angeles.

Del Colma was a man of thirty, apparently; a true Spanish-Mexican-American—a man of medium size, dark eyes, dark hair, pointed mustache and beard, complexion of tawny hue, little feet, little hands, almost effeminate in their character. A settled melancholy seemed to brood ever on his handsome, haughty eatures. Great contrast was he, every inch a gentleman, to the rude and uncultivated men

by whom he was surrounded. He was a true descendant of the old race the cattle-breeding, pleasure-loving, proud, haughty, but gentlemanly lords of California, who held the land in vast tracts before the gold discoveries brought in the pushing, adventuring

Anglo-Saxons. There was nothing in common between the old race and the new men, and little by little the rancheros gave way to the gold-miners. Fernando's father had been one of the largest landed proprietors on the lower coast, and, dying, had bequeathed to his two children, Fernando and his sister Blanche, a large for-

Fernando, careless'and unthrifty, like all his race, had made sad havoc with his money, until at last the day of reckoning came, and the young man found that few of his father's broad acres remained unincumbered.

During his trips to San Francisco he had made the acquaintance of a dashing young fellow, who called himself Bertrand Redan, and this gentleman, who professed to be well acquainted with the upper mining country, had

often advised Fernando to try his luck in a min-

ing speculation. So, upon discovering that something must be done to retrieve his impaired fortunes, Del Colma had turned all his property into ready and acting upon Redan's advice, had bought the Cinnabar mine; and, as he knew very little about mining matters, Redan accepted the position of superintendent, and

agreed to manage the whole affair. A handsome, dashing-looking fellow was

flames roared and sparkled high in the air, | celebrated town and its inhabitants just one | Redan, being rather tall in stature, well built and curling, very white skin, and with a gene ral air of refinement.

A pretty fair miner, too, as he quickly proved when be set the men to work to clear inhabitants had departed, and fresh ones had up the rubbish which had accumulated around the Cinnabar works, and proceeded to put the

mine in working order.

An evil name the Cinnabar lode bore; too much blood and treasure had already been expended there, and the old residents of the town who knew something of the mine in the old days, shook their heads sagely, and "reckonthat no luck would come from meddling dian war, to say nothing of the officials of the town who had fallen by the desperate hand of the Death Shot of Shasta

Some of these sayings had come to the ears of Del Colma, but he shrugged his shoulders with true Spanish indifference, and proceeded to erect a cottage just outside the Cinnabar property, a small, snug dwelling, and in looks su-

perior to any other in town. Cinnabar City was not particularly well supplied with women, and what there was, as general rule, were rather weather-beaten and ugly. It was a matter, then, of little wonder that the arrival of Blanche del Colma excited a great deal of interest, for Blanche was within the Shasta valley. She was strikingly like her brother; the same eyes, the same hair, and the same peculiar melancholy ex-

She was as sweet by nature as one of the juicy oranges of her own sunny clime, but as proud as though she had been born to a queen's

Blanche de Colma had lived a month in Cinnabar, and yet no gentleman of the town could boast that he was a friend of the charming girl; very few indeed could lay claim to even a simple acquaintance.

Still she was no recluse; hardly a pleasant day but saw her in the saddle. She rode a spotted mustang, a creature of infinite beauty s though she was born to the back of a steed. But there was nothing in common between the fair Spanish-blooded girl and the gay young fellows of the town. She was not for them, nor they for her. In her sight they were rude, rough men, and she would have as soon thought of entertaining an affection for one of the half-blood herdsmen upon her fa-

ther's estate as to allow her maiden fancy to

be pleased with one of these sturdy men of

Romantic by nature, she looked for a gallant lover, some stranger from beyond the seas, one of the old race, perchance, from whence her

line had sprung.

Del Colma, like most native Californians, was a slave to some of the peculiar traits of his race. He was a hard drinker, deeply ad-dicted to play, lacked the thrift and caution of the Anglo-Saxon, and was as careless with his money as though he still possessed the broad acres that his father once had owned near to the "city of the Angels," on the southern coast, and, naturally, his love for gambling, and for strong lives howeth his often

and for strong liquor, brought him often in contact with the young fellows of the town.

Therefore, when in company with the gay bucks of Cinnabar, he had encountered Blanche, common courtesy had compelled him to introduce his companying.

Small benefit, though, the introduction had een to the enamored youths. A cold bow and a scant "good-morning" were all that the Cali-fornian beauty vouchsafed in return for their elaborate salutations

There was a small group of friends, generally found together after the toils of the day were done, and commonly termed by the miners the "Occidental gang," with whom Del Colma was quite intimate, and as the members of the "gang" were the leading men of the town, it was only natural that one and all, with one exception, should be ardent admirers of

Clint MacAlpine, formerly postmaster, but now mayor of the city; John Rocks, usually termed "Sandy" Rocks, largely interested in the Queen City Mining Company of Angel's Bar, a thriving suburb of Cinnabar; "Judge"
Bob Candy, the express agent; Billy King,
formerly the barkeeper, but now the thriving
proprietor of the Occidental Hotel; Leo Polck, the largest storekeeper in the town, were the principal members of the Occidental "gang," and with the Occidentals, too, was sually to be found one of the most noted characters of the city at the time of which we write. He was a man of thirty or thereabouts, a little above the medium size, with a strong, manly face, a well-knit figure, and a bearing which stamped him as a captain among captains. His face was always smoothly shaven, and he was as neat and eareful in his dress as though he were a promenader fresh from the asphalt pavements of la belle Paris, rather than a denizen of one of the roughest ittle mining towns to be found in all Cali

He dressed so oddly that, once seen, he was not apt to be forgotten. A complete suit of black velvet he wore; coat, vest, and pantaloons, the hat even, were of the same material, and his ruffled shirt-bosom, wherein gleamed

two tiny diamond studs, was a miracle of art. The best card-player in all Northern California this gentleman was reputed to be, and, clear from Yreka to Mount Shasta, he was known as "The Velvet Hand of Cinnabar."

Richard Velvet he called himself, and he had such a soft, "taking" way with him, as many a foolhardy miner, confident in his skill in ard-playing, had found to his cost, and he was always so cool, so self-possessed, that it was not long before "Richard Velvet, that new sharp," became shortened to "Velvet Hand;" and the gentleman in question rather iked the title, so that he got into the habit of giving his name as Velvet Hand. These little icknames stick on the Pacific slope.

Many a skillful player of cards was there in the territory tributary to the lively city of Cinnabar, but not one of the tribe could win with the ease and grace of Velvet Hand.

A strange fact, too, about this quiet gentle nan, and one which his companions had often noted and commented upon: he alone of all the young men of the town seemed not to have fallen a victim to the charms of Blanche del Colma; he alone of all the Occidental gang had not secured an introduction to the darkeyed beauty, and yet he was on more intimate erms with Fernando del Colma, her brother. han any other man in the town-Bertrand Redan, the superintendent of the Cinnabar

works, alone excepted. Many a time the gray light of the morn had peeped in at the window of a little private room on the second floor of the Occidental Hotel to find the Californian and the Velvet Hand hard at play, with a week's production of the seldom it was that Del Colma rose a winner from the table.

And when Mr. Dick Velvet was rallied about his avoidance of the glowing beauty, so rich in all her wondrous charms, and asked why, being so intimate with the brother, he had not tried to push his fortune with the sister-for the cool sport was as good-looking a gentleman as there was in the town-he would laughingly reply that women were "bad medicine" to him, and that as long as he depended upon card playing to keep ahead of the world

he would give the softer sex a wide berth. Thus matters stood in the year 187—, when we again take up the pen to chronicle the doings of the men of Cinnabar.

CHAPTER II.

THE BAND OF CAPTAIN DEATH.

THREE miles from Cinnabar City the Shasta river cut its way through the McCloud canyon. Dark and deep was the defile—as lonely a spot as could be found within a dozen miles of the mining settlement.

At the upper end of the canyon this defile widened out into a small rocky valley, through which ran the old Indian trail leading from Cinnabar up the river.

Along the trail, in the dusk of the evening, a horseman was riding. He was well mounted, well armed, and seemed familiar with the road, for he pushed straight onward without

When he reached the open valley above the McCloud canyon, he halted for a moment, cast a careful glance around him as if suspicious of Observation, then spurred his horse over the steep rocks until he reached the side of the rocky wall. There he dismounted. Drawing a black mask from his pocket, he covered his face with it. This done, he pushed his way through a dense clump of bushes, leading his horse by the bridle, and disappeared, apparently having made his way right into the solid rock; but if the clump of bushes had been rerock; but if the clump of bushes had been removed, the mouth of a cave—a narrow eleft, just wide enough to allow the entrance of a horse-would have been visible.

Within the narrow passage all was dark as Egypt, but the masked man proceeded without hesitation, apparently familiar with the road, until a winding in the passage suddenly brought him into a vaulted chamber in the rock; thirty feet at least in diameter it was.

Within the apartment, the roof of which extended cone-shaped up into the rock, evidently having an outlet above, were two other horses -two other men.

The horses were quietly munching their oats in some rude stalls constructed at the further end of the apartment.

The men, roughly dressed, miner fashion, and also hiding their faces behind black masks, were seated upon some buffalo-robes, seemingly waiting for the arrival of the new

A couple of lanterns suspended from spikes driven into the walls afforded light. The moment the horseman released his grasp on the bridle, the animal hastened to join

the other two, thus plainly proving that he was no stranger to the cavern and its mys-And this secret chamber in the heart of the hill was the mountain home of the daring and

bloody road-agent known far and wide in the Shasta valley as Captain Death. And who was Captain Death?

Ah! that was a question that often had been put but as yet had not been answered. About a year before the time of which we write Captain Death had first made his appearance in the Shasta valley.

A stage-coach, northward bound for Yreka, had been halted in a gloomy defile, seven or eight miles from the city of Cinnabar, and

robbed of its express matter. A single man had done the job. The driver perceiving that the road-agent was alone, had attempted—contrary to the general habit of his class—to offer resistance, but had been promptly tumbled off his box by a well-di-

rected shot fired by the outlaw. The frightened passengers, four in number, had fled from the hack in hot haste at the driver's downfall, never offering a sign of resistance; then the "gentleman of the road" had coolly proceeded to appropriate the valuables. This finished he had addressed a few words to the disabled driver, who lay groaning on the ground, cursing the evil star which

led him to offer resistance to the bird of prey. "My name is Captain Death," he said, in a coarse, evidently disguised voice. "I'm going to run this hyer trail for a time and I want the folks hereabouts to understand that I mean business, every time! If they knuckle down and let me go through 'em, all right If they don't, then look out for sudden death,

With this the bird of prey coolly rode off. Of course Wells and Fargo, the owners of the stage line, were not going to stand any of this nonsense; therefore, they went for Captain Death lively, but little good it did them too; not a single trace of the desperado could

After a time the search was given up, as the road-agent was supposed to have been driven off by the urgent chase; but, just as every body had come to the conclusion that the wouldn't hear any more of the bold rider, another coach going north was attacked, and this time Captain Death had two companions.

A desperate resistance was offered by one of the passengers, an old man, who carried a small fortune on his person, and who was acompanied by his daughter. All fled from the hack but he, fierce at the prospect of losing his

Captain Death called upon him to surrender he refused, when, without more ado, the roadagents opened fire upon the coach, mortally wounding at the first discharge both the old man and his daughter, but, although staining their souls with this terrible crime, the outlaws did not secure the prize they were in search of, for the up coach from Yreka hap pening to approach just at that moment, com pelled the rascals to retreat in hot haste.

This bloody deed created a terrible excitement: and for a time the road-agents disappeared, but when the excitement cooled down again they haunted the road

The name of Captain Death became as well known along the trail as the express line it self, but so cunningly did he manage that never by any chance did one of the many exeditions in pursuit of him ever get fairly upon his trail.

That Captain Death was well posted as to the designs of his pursuers was evident; he had "friends at court" and they gave him timely warning when danger threatened him

The two road-agents nodded to their chief when he appeared, for the solitary horseman was the notorious Captain Death, in person. He took a seat on one of the buffare-robes. lighted a cigarette, commenced smoking as he looked, inquiringly, upon his followers. "Any news?" he asked.

"Not any," responded the road-agent on the right, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow who was

Captain Death had organized his band in a peculiar manner. The faith of man he distrusted, and therefore neither one of his companions knew who he was, or had ever seen him without his mask. He had picked his two men, had approached them at night, disguised, and enrolled them, neither one knowing

"For our own safety," as he had explained, "it is best we should be as strangers to each other. Then if one is taken he cannot denounce his companions."

And so, with covered faces, the outlaws always met. Names were never mentioned. The leader was addressed as captain, the first road-agent, the burly fellow, as No. 1, the second, a thin, tall individual, as No. 2.

"Nothing stirring, eh?"
"Nothin' that 1 hear of," replied No. 2, with a strong nasal accent.

"It is some time since we made a raise." Yes," responded No. 1, with a melancholy shake of the head. "Dry as dust an' nothin' to keep the j'ints limber.'

calc'late!" No. 2 suggested. Death said: "no road-agent business this time, but something that will pay us better. You know the Cinnabar mine? Both of the men nodded.

"That's our mutton! The two men shook their heads; they did ot understand.

"The mine is a rich one."

"'Tain't payin' much yet,' No. 1, observed.
"That is because it has not yet got fairly to work, but it will pay, though. A friend of mine wants it, but as it would take twentyfive or thirty thousand dollars to buy it he proposes that we shall get it for him, which we can at a less figure. Fernando del Colma is at the end of his rope; all the money he has is in the mine; there's a mortgage of ten thousand dollars due on it next week. He hopes to push that mortgage off for a month and in the mean time get out ore enough to meet it. Now we must raise blazes generally; damage the machinery, get the hands on a strike, stop work by any means so that the place will have

vices we render in the matter. "Hol' on!" cried No. 1, suddenly. "Is your him?" perfect "Injun Dick Talbot," said Captain Death,

to be sold by the sheriff, then my friend will

pay two or three thousand dollars for the ser-

owly; "what do you mean?"
"Why, that, if it isn't Injun Dick he mought as well hang up his fiddle!" No. 1 replied. "Tell you what it is, Cap., I know a heap'bout this hyer town! That air Cinnabar mine belongs to Injun Dick, the Death Shot of the Shasta as he's been called! It's an onlucky consarn; I've bin expectin' to see Dick pop in and bu'st it up as he allers has done afore."
"I never heard of him," Captain Death said, dryly, "and I reckon that he won't trouble

my scheme anv. That Velvet Hand is tryin' to bu'st the Cinnabar consarn as fast as he kin," No. 2 remarked, abruptly. "I heered last night that he winned a thousand dollars from Del Colma

in a single settin'."
"I shouldn't be surprised; but now to business; remember! Do all that is in your power to stop the mine from working. If we can fetch Del Colma into the hands of the sheriff it will be a couple of thousand dollars in our pockets. We must let the stages alone for awhile, for the pursuit is still hot, and in the mean time can amuse ourselves with this lit-tle game. The third night hence we will meet here again."

"Say, Cap.!" cried No. 1, abruptly, "would-n't it be a good idea to go for this Velvet Hand? reckon that he would pan out right lively ef ve got him up hyer onc't.'

That is worth thinking of," Captain Death replied, rising; "and now, boys, be careful how you approach the cave, for if our hidinglace was once discovered it would be all up with us.

And then the three separated, each one to nake his way back to Cinnabar, by different

The plot against Del Colma was working.

CHAPTER III. THE GAMESTERS.

THE first gray streaks of the coming moon, ning the eastern skies and heralding the approach of the sun-god, peeped in at the win-low of a small, plainly-furnished room, situated in the second story of the Occidental Hotel.

Within the room, a table between them, were seated two men, busily engaged at cards. The floor was strewn with crumpled cards; 'tis the losing gamester's whim to try a fresh pack very now and then in order to woo the fickle lame. Fortune.

That the two men had been at their game all night long was evident, for the candles were ourning low, and the bed in one corner of the apartment had not been used. The two men were quite a contrast to each

the old Spanish line in every feature. A single glance at the first—the winner evi-

dently, for he was cool and unruffled, and as swing him up.

"By Jove!" cried the card-sharp, throwing "By Jove!" night at the card-table—and from his peculiar garb he is easily recognized as the Velvet Hand of Cinnabar. And the second, too, so strongly marked in dished!

feature, quite fit to sit for the portrait of Hernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, was the key, went Velvet Hand, while the Californian man arrayed in the olden garb; no trouble to rushed down the stairway. (To be contin olma, the owner of the Cinnabar mine. The players are ciphering up the results of

Five hundred dollars I owe you," Colma said, with a gloomy brow. "The fiend take the cards! Will my luck never change?" "m afraid not, senor," the winner replied not until you change your style of playing.

The observation irritated the Californian 'Am I not as good a player then as you?" he xclaimed, loftily, a true Spaniard in his arro-No, not as good," Velvet Hand replied,

ou; when my hand is good, you hold a bet-

Oh, no, only I know the value of hands etter than you do, and I keep my temper. I made their camp.

lay for amusement, you for mone The Californian rose to his feet indignantly. "You forget yourself, senor!" he exclaimed, mortally offended, reaching for his cloak and beginning to drop it around him in the picturesque Mexican fashion. "I am a gentleman of birth and fortune! Gold! I was born to it, and to me it is so much dross, while you-" he

The Velvet Hand, busy now in trimming his nails with a little pearl-handled knife, laughed outright.

'Let me finish the sentence for you, senor,' "I am a gambler, a man who lives playing. No social match for you, by card-playing. You are an honest gentleman, the proprietor of the richest mine in the town, and vet you curse your evil fortune when luck goes against you and you lose a few hundred dollars. I, on the contrary, am a social pariah with not a friend on earth, and yet I lose my money with a smile and laugh at the decrees of

Forgive me, senor!" Del Colma exclaimed, hastily, his generous nature touched by the frank coolness of the other. "1 did not mean wound you. I do lose my temper and play badly; I confess it! I am not a man of ice; it is not the money! care for, but the losing—that is what galls me! You have won from me five thousand dollars since w. comm playing two weeks ago and I can ill spare the

"Why play then?" was the natural question. "I cannot help it!" cried the Californian, desperately. "There is a fiend within me that

craves the excitement.

No, not yet."

"It's a rich mine. "Yes; but we have hardly got the machinery in working order."

"By the way, senor, you and I have got to be pretty intimate, considering that you are the owner of one of the richest properties in the town, and that I am only a poor devil of a card-sharp, and so I'm going to make bold to give you a point or two, for I've had a good deal of experience in mining; that is, if you are willing to receive the advice in the same spirit in which it is given.'

'I shall be honored, senor," Del Colma replied, with a stately bow.

"I took a look at the works this afternoon I knew the mine in the old time, and I had a sort of curiosity to see how the place appeared." The wisest head could not have guessed from the cool way in which the man spoke, of

the terrible flood of bitter recollections which the Cinnabar mine recalled to his mind. "The machinery you are using is not exactly the right sort, and you've got the toughest set of hands there that I think I ever saw, and your superintendent—Bertrand Redan, do you call him?" The Californian nodded. "Have you perfect faith in him?"

"As in my brother!" Del Colma replied, with true Spanish warmth. "Ah, that's lucky; he has full charge of

verything, I presume?"
"Yes, of everything." "A man that you can trust is invaluable,"

the cool sharp observed, carelessly.

The Californian, open and generous-hearted by nature, took Velvet Hand's doubtful words as a compliment to his superintendent.

Yes, he is invaluable, and yet my sister does not trust him," he remarked, slowly "No?" the American was surprised; "wo men have keen instincts sometimes.

"She does not like him. I am astonished, for he is a fine, noble fellow, and I fear he cared more for my haughty sister than he should," and then the don suddenly checked himself; he was not wont to speak so openly of the lovely Blanche, dearer to him than the apple of his eye. "The amount I owe you I have not with me—"

"Your word is quite sufficient," Velvet Hand replied, carelessly

The Californian hesitated; it was evident that he disliked to remain a debtor "Stay!" he exclaimed, abruptly, drawing a diamond ring from his little finger and placing it upon the table; "take this as security for

the sum. The other shook his head. I would rather not.

'Nay, I insist! life is uncertain; I may die before I pay the debt."
"Don't let that trouble you; I should con-

sider the account settled." "Pray oblige me!"

The senor was thoroughly in earnest, and as easiest way to settle the matter, Velvet Hand placed the ring upon his little finger.

"The sun is rising," the Californian remarked, approaching the window, and as he did so he caught sight of his sister riding past, mountains and the properties of the sight of his sister riding past, mountains and the sight of his sight of his sister riding past, mountains and the sight of his sight of his

ed upon her spotted mustang. Hardly had the sound of her horse's hoofs died away in the distance when a fearful up roar arose on the air, and from the door of a

low saloon, opposite the hotel, came forth a motley gang, bearing a Chinaman in their midst. Harder characters than were in the crowd

could not be found within the territory of Cinnabar. There was Yuba Bill, one of the recognized

bullies of the town; Joe Bowers, the fat and greasy bummer; Doc Slater, the smartest horse-thief north of F'risco; Col. Tom Pipkin, jail, and half a dozen other scamps equally as bad.

The crowd slung a rope over the limb of a other; the first, a good specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race, the second bearing the impress of neck of the trembling, crying almond-eyed son your chance." of the East, from whose flowing sleeves sundry 'face" cards were dropping, and prepared to

up the window-sash; "it's Hop-Ling-Ki, and he's the only man in town that can do up my ruffled shirts! They mustn't hang him, or I'm

(To be continued.)

Ruby and Gold.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

THE place was as wild as if dropped intact from pre-Adamite chaos. The scrubby ever-green oak caught its clinging roots in pockets of soil in imperceptible fissures and hollows on the seemingly bald surface of those gigantic rocks, and the tiny thread of a waterfall shivered in mid-air and dissolved in a white vail 'And why not? It is the cards that favor of mist as it fell in a sheer descent of a hundred feet and gathered again in an ice-cold limpid pool, on the edge of which those few adventurous spirits, led by Walt Marquis, had

> Marquis himself was standing a solitary figure on a great projecting bowlder midway up the hight. Rock and man might have been cut from bronze, so motionless was the figure with folded arms and eyes bent upon the rainow which spanned the fall.

> For the time the mission which had brought him here, the passions which sway men and the objects which make the sum of human existence, were blotted out in his contemplation of that varied scene.

> But his followers were not losing their time in poetic abstraction. They had separated and scattered among the rocks and black, gaping The sun had gone down when they all met again about their rude repast of crack ers, dried buffalo-meat and steaming black cof Walt was back from dreamland by this time, with a keen appetite developed by the mountain air, fully alive to his own interests again, and eager to learn the result of the others' explorations.

> 'I don't like the look of things, 'said Worth. "It isn't what I was led to expect. The place couldn't be more upset if an earthquake had been at work here. The slope that's put down on the map for the left side of the stream is on the right; the big chestnut that stood on the bank is root uppermost half a mile away, and there's no mention of the fall. There's been the mischief to pay here at some time, bet your life on it, Walt, and for all I kin see there ain't even a 'salt' to pay you for your trouble.

'For, all that, the geological formation

"'Bout time we struck a riffle, somewhar I clinabar mine to back you," the other said, lac'late!" No. 2 suggested.
"I've got a big job on hand, boys," Captain well, ain't you?"
"I've got a big job on hand, boys," Captain well, ain't you?"
"I've got a big job on hand, boys," Captain well, ain't you?"
"I've got a big job on hand, boys," Captain well, ain't you?" that you've been sent here on a fool's errand, if not for something worse, Walt, and I suspicion, if all's told, there's something besides gold at the bottom of your pig-headedness running counter to every bit of advice that's

They had finished the meal by this time, and stretched themselves on the grass, Worth with his hands clasped over his knees and black pipe alight, Walt watching the twinkle of peeping stars in the silver-gray distance while he listened to his companion's half-

grumbling tone.
"So there is," he answered the last remark. Something more precious than gold by far. The price of my success will be—Ruby. Now, Worth, you are my chief dependence. I rely on you not to discourage the other men. sides, my good fortune will be yours and theirs

Worth was far from satisfied.

"I thought there was something behind this move, and now I'm sure of it. As well talk to them stones yonder as try to turn you, Walt, but you'll see yet that I am right. Old Vanstellar never promised you little black-eyes and sent you here for nothing. One thing bothers me—how that stream goes clean over the wall when its natural course would have

been to work around the cut. "That was its original bed. The miners turned it from its course and so dug over the bottom and undermined the banks that it is little wonder you did not recognize the old watercours with its position on the map. Just wait till morning, my boy, and see what a glorious opening they and the cascade together have left free for us. There's a natural tunnel worked through the ridge above, a dry and roomy passage now, and using that for a short cut, we will honeycomb the hill from their deserted nine but that we find the continuance of the leads those other fellows missed.'

It was one month later. There was a sul phurous heat in the air, a dead lull under a burning sky, that made every breath drawn an oppressive gasp. A knot of discontented men, with Worth for their speaker, were facing

"We've give it a fair trial, and all the gold we've found kin be worked up in a goose-quill. Provisions have run low, there's a big storm abrewin', and the boys won't stay with the prospect of impassable roads and starvation staring

them in the eyes."
"No man is obliged to stay against his will, not even you, Worth; but I know you won't

Worth's face set doggedly.

"I won't stay to encourage you in a fool's quest. The sooner you throw this up for a bad job the easier you'll git off. We've made up our minds; we take the back track this very day, with you or without you, jest as

And it was without him, notwithstanding Worth's after entreaties and arguments.

"I've heard of crazy men diggin' their own graves," declared the latter at last, in angry disgust, "and I declare, I believe it's what you're bent on. It's my opinion that old Van only sent you here to git you out of the way while he marries Black-eyes to the fellow he's chose for her. If he hain't, I've more than a mind to cut in and take her from you myself jest to teach you a lesson.

Walt laughed. "I can trust Ruby against all of you," he aid, but certain apprehensions he had felt before were aroused by the other's speech, and haunted him in his succeeding solitude. Why had Vanstellar, his bitter enemy always, given

him this chance? "I know the value of both money and brains," the wealthy old ranchman had said on that occasion, "and I'm not going to give my girl to any man that hasn't plenty of both If ou can get the first out of the deserted mine

Evidently, Vanstellar had little faith in the mine, but after a careful study of the locality, Walt's enthusiasm rose. Still, he had had his nisgivings, and had been on the watch for any sign of possible treachery since, but none had

He worked as he had never worked before after his companions left him. Two days passed, and then the storm which had been gathering, broke. One by one dense clouds locked up from the horizon; a breath of air rustled the foliage, then a sudden gust swep the face of the mountain, lashing the stoutes rees like switches, tearing out shrubs by the root, driving the dust in choking clouds, and dislodging insecure fragments of rock that thundered down into unseen abysses whose haunting reverberations were taken up and bassed, fainter and fainter into the further dis-The forked lightnings poured forth in tances. The forked lightnings poured forth in a blinding flash, and the rain swept down in heets that penetrated the miserable miner's eabin, threatening to demolish it with every boisterous gust. But the fury of the storn was of short duration. When it had settle into a steady, monotonous downpour, Wall was back at his work in the furthest passage of the mine, the light in his cap making weir shadows dance upon the walls, and the sounds of his pick mingling with a kind of muffled oar that at first he attributed to the elemen raging without. Before he had struck a dozen plows he found a sloppy pool gathered at his He moved from his place mechanically and glanced around. The water was at hi ankles now, creeping stealthily and silently upvard, and after one dazed moment of uncom prehending wonder, the meaning of the cala nity which had befallen him flashed upon

The thread-like stream, turbulent and swol len now, had burst its artificial bonds, and was firding its way back to its natural channel. With a wild cry rising to his lips he turned and It was a race for life, and the treacher ous waters had the best of it. He was swep from his feet as he reached the turning of that first passage, his light went out, he lost his breath and his senses almost until the current dashed him against a projecting point, and he clung to the ragged rocks with his mangled, bleeding hands, finding a foothold from which he raging torrent was powerless to tear him. And still the water rose higher and higher. It was about his shoulders, it crept like a slimy coil to his neck, then it was at his lips, and he turned his face upward with the instinct of a despairing soul that would commend itself to

Through the blackness of Tartarus that filled the place came a single ray of light like the glimmer of a distant star. There was no way to reach it, no way to leave his present position without falling prey to the mad current that filled the tunnel beyond, foaming to its roof, but something like hope thrilled him with

more as the truth stole slowly over him. The

water had ceased to rise.

Assured of that, the next thing was to form some plan of escape. He felt of the wall about him, and managed to draw his boots where he stood. Then, using his clasp-knife, driven firmly in to the hilt, for a support where no other presented itself, he began to climb slowly to-ward the gleam of light. It was leaving a desperate situation for one more desperate. He was chilled to the bone, and the weight of his water-soaked clothing dragged him back, his hands and feet were so torn that they marked every painful inch of the way with their blood. But cool nerve and brave effort won him success this far. He reached the aperture through which the light streamed in, and thrusting his arm in the fissure he struck in his knife again as he felt his foothold giving way. The blade broke off short, and the handle went ringing down from his benumbed hand. Next instant his feet slipped, and he hung by his arms only above the chasm.

Oh, fool! Below he would have stood a chance when the water subsided; here it was out a question of moments until he must lose his hold and fall to sure destruction. He groaned in his despair, and shut his eyes upon the light which was only a mockery, piercing its way as it did through one tiny crevice between tons of clay and gravel that barred his way to the outer world.

Oh, Heavenly Love! Was that a shout, or only a fancy of his reeling brain? It came again. He gathered strength to give one answering cry. Then the crevice was darkened, something rattled within it, lodged, then came again, and a coil of rope reached his faltering grasp. How he fastened it about him, and waited through the two long hours during which pick and spade were plied with a will above him, was like a dream of agony to him for the remainder of his life.

Eager hands reached in and drew him forth at last, such a pallid, blood-stained spectacle, that somebody there broke out with a despair-

"Oh, he is dead! Oh, Walt! my Walt!" But he had life enough left to open his eyes and stare at her in weak amaze, gasping:

Ruby it was, with a story to tell of the plot ne had discovered. How the importunities of Walt's jealous rival had drawn the revelation from her father that he had sent the young fellow to his doom. The mine could only be worked with greatest peril; sooner or later the force of the resisting stream would break through its barriers, and every workman there would be drowned like a rat in its hole. How, overhearing this delectable confession and having no one she could trust or send, she had come herself to warn him.

Worth took up the tale there. His heart had misgiven him, and he had turned back from his fellows, intending to rejoin his friend. He had encountered Ruby, and together they

had reached the spot in time.
"And after this,' said the girl, who felt her hands, clasped in his, drawn nearer and nearer to his beating heart, "I am yours if you'll take the gift, Walt. I'm of age and free to act, and that has released me from every filial duty I owe.

Worth, with a handful of the clay he had shoveled out squeezed and broken on his palm, and supposed to be hearing nothing of this vers' aside, broke out, jubilantly:
"Ruby and gold, Walt. Hurrah, Ruby and

gold! We've struck it, the richest lode I ever set my eyes on. How'll old Van feel when we tell him the upshot of his plot, do you Nettled and resentful enough, you may be

sure, but able to say nothing, since Walt al-ready had his reward in Ruby and gold.

A YOUNG GIRL

Oh! gentle grace of early years, And guilelessness of maidenhood, What timid charm thy beauty wears, Ere yet the rose has tinged the bud.

Ere yet the warmth within the heart Is kindled into light and flame, Since Love and Love's impassioned art Are still unknown in all but name. The dimpled cheek, unstained by tears;

The furtive glance, the downeast eye, Uncertain if it hopes or fears, It knows not what, half pert, half shy. The wayward s nile which curves the lip, As yet not ripe for lover's kiss; The myriad fa'ry thoughts which slip Through maiden dreams of future bliss.

The thousand lurking loves which lie Asleep beneath each silken tress, Who, when they wake, shall instant fly, And would in very wantonness

The charms which rest as yet concealed Behind the vail of maidenhood, The fancies which, but half revealed, Give color to the pensive mood. When time is full and years are ripe, And Nature s wonder-work is done, Shall yield a woman, archetype, Who must be wooed, but would be won.

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT. THAT night that followed Rose's betrothal to Florian Ithamar was one of wild, sleepless exu-perance and ecstasy of exultation. All through the warm night hours she sat beside her open

the warm night hours she sat beside her open window, the moonlight making an unearthly radiance on her beautiful face, and adding almost weird luster to her eyes, her thoughts permitted free rein to revel as they would.

At first it had seemed impossible that she had succeeded in this bold fight against Fate itself; she had been unable to realize more than that her lover's arms had been around her, and his kiss, coldly kind though it was, yet still a kiss of betrothal, on her forehead.

That had been a second of intoxicating happiness, when no thought intruded of success, or gain, or security, or—the terrible means by

ness, when no thought intruded of success, or gain, or security, or—the terrible means by which she had come to it.

But now she was capable of reviewing in her mind, and realizing that what she had so coveted and desired was verily her own. Heretofore, her position had not been positively secured; now it would be, for, as the wife of Florian Ithamar, she would not only defy the whole world to discover her identity, but Ernest St. Felix as well. That he would have any sentimental objection to her remarriage, she knew St. Felix as well. That he would have any sentimental objection to her remarriage, she knew was perfectly impossible; that he would appear on the scene and spoil her plans, she knew he would have not the slightest disposition to do, so long as she was able and willing to pay the price for her immunity from him.

But—and her dark over smarkled all.

"Why play then?" was the natural question.
"I cannot help it!" cried the Californian, sperately. "There is a fiend within me that aves the excitement.
"Geological fiddlesticks!" cut in Worth, contemptuously "I'd give more for a show of the showld contempt to the filled the tunnel beyond, foaming to its professor that filled the tunnel beyond, foaming to its profes

hands could be no redder than they were now. But she anticipated nosuch extremity of action; she gave herself up to the exuberant delight of the hour, and gave unlicensed freedom to her thoughts as she sat there looking out upon the fair estates that would soon be her own.

She was determined to have her engagement a short one; and, in consideration of the fact that it was now unnecessary for her to go away from Westwood, she desired its publicity as much as possible. She longed for the time when she might know she stood in her own home, the honored wife of its lord; knowing, perfectly wall that no evenl or hersh or specifically. perfectly well, that no cruel, or harsh, or sus-picious word would ever dare be breathed against Florian Ithamar's wife: knowing that his wealth and position and influence were magic safeguards against even her terrible

"It is July now—in September the marriage must take place. We must have a magnificent display; there must be a breakfast, and a band of concealed music, and in the evening a ball and reception. I will send my order at once for the most magnificent trousseau that Worth can design; Florian will have the family jewels reset; I shall be gay and joyous, and my husband shall have no reason to regret having installed me in Jocelyne's place."

There came just a tiny hint of pallor over her face as she mentally pronounced the name of the victim to her jealous hate.

"I wonder why I have thought so much more than usual of her to-day, and to-night? I presume it is because I have accomplished that for which I removed her. I wonder what she Richmond had taken it furnished, he of course of concealed music, and in the evening a ball

which I removed her. I wonder what she would think if she knew—I wonder if she does

A little shiver of nervousness took momentary A little shiver of nervousness took momentary possession of her at the foolishly unwelcome thought that so suddenly intruded itself, and Rose gave a little involuntary look toward the open door of the small bedroom where her maid slept—Pauline it was, who had entered her service when Jocelyne no longer needed her, and who had been Rose's almost constant companion since; for, despite her recklessness, her awful courage, her indomitable will in the performance of the duties she had chosen, Rose would not remain alone at night; for it was at night that her outraged conscience took its revenge in the form of fear and terror.

the form of fear and terror.

And to-night, when the clocks had tolled two, and there was the solemn stillness of a summer night brooding over the moonlighted landscape, Rose was conscious of unusual vividness of sen-Rose was conscious of unusual vividness of sen-sation that was a mixture of superstitious un-

sation that was a mixture of superstand memories of haunting regret.

"I am worse than a child, sillier than a bearstory-frightened baby! I will not permit my imaginative thoughts to intrude into my happiness like a death's head at a feast. What is ness, like a death's-head at a feast. What is Jocelyne Merle, lying moldered in her coffin

She arose from her chair as she spoke, with her eyes looking almost defantly in the direction of the little chapel whither her hands had consigned her victim; a glance of almost smiling contempt was in them, and a sneer at her own transient, inexplainable sensations of alarm

own transient, inexplainable sensations of alarm was on her beautiful lips.

A glance that turned suddenly to a look of frozen horror.

A sneer that was petrified on her lips that blanched to ashen paleness.

For, on the wide, moonlighted lawn, its velvety turf unbroken even by a shrub, she distinctly, plainly saw Jocelyne Merle coming toward the house; her white burial dress trailing noiselessly over the thick, soft grass, her dusky hair floating over her shoulders, her lovely face irradiated with a weird, unearthly expression

Jocelyne, as Rose had seen her as the fair girl lay in her satin-lined, satin-pillowed casket! Jocelyne, gliding silently, swiftly toward the

The cry that was on Rose's lips seemed to be etrified before she uttered it. Her blood ran through her veins in a chilling tide; an icy stagnation seemed to seize her powers of volition and motion as she stood there, half-crazed with the awful sight of that slight, graceful figure come gliding over the lawn toward the house, toward her!

Nearer it came, nearer still. Rose's breath came in gasps of agony; great beads of perspiration stood clammily on her forehead; then, as the figure disappeared in the vicinity of the lower windows, she gave a low cry of crazed pain, and dashed into Pauline's bedroom, shaking the

girl vigorously.

"Pauline! Wake up, for God's sake! I have seen a ghost—I have seen Jocelyne! Light the gas!—lock the doors!—speak to me and tell me I

And the proud, wicked wo servant with a very despair of slavish fear.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE RESURRECTION FROM SLEEP. Not Jocelyne's ghost, returned from the

shadow-world, to visit reproach and the punishment of terror on the treacherous friend who was to usurp her place. Not Jocelyne in the spirit, but, Jocelyne alive, and in the flesh, her glorious beauty unimpaired by the strange destiny she had undergone!

Jocelyne Merle alive, whom they all had seen buried in Westwood chapel a year and a half be

In order to understand, it will be necessary to drop the thread of the living romance at West-wood and retrace our steps to that December day, so many months past, when, with solemn services, Florian Ithamar's bride-elect had been laid away in her coffin in the vault in the West-

Naturally, the pitiful romance of the circum-The driving the pinth romance of the circumstances had been made known far and wide. The daily newspapers had made almost a sensation of the beautiful bride-elect's sudden death, and the names of the household at Westwood were, for the time, public property.

Rose St. Felix, as Iva Ithamar, and cousin of the green was in the set stown and Fraget St.

the groom, was in the sad story, and Ernest St. Felix, as he read his morning *Herald* in his sumptuous room in the hotel that Rose's hush-

money purchased him, at once set to thinking how remarkably strange it all was. It will be seen he had not gone away as he had told Rose he intended; Kenneth Richmond had gone to Europe, and when St. Felix had written to his wife it had been his intention to accompany his friend. But, circumstances had rendered it unadvisable, and he had quartered himself luxuriously at a fashionable hotel, when the news came to him of the romantic sorrow that had enshrouded the household at Westweed

St. Felix was a shrewd, far-seeing man, and it occurred to him almost instantly, when he read the particulars, that it was extraordinary even if possible. He realized the very human even if possible. He realized the very human probability of Rose's becoming attached to the handsome gentleman who believed her to be his cousin; he could well understand Rose's jealousy if Mr. Ithamar preferred Miss Merle to her; and, between the various theories that came plausibly to him, he made up his mind there had been foul play, and that Rose was at the bottom of it.

There was not an atom of regret for Rose's sake; not a twinge of jealous wrath that, in all human probability, Rose would deliberately marry some one, while he was still living.
"Why need I care? She has feathered my

nest well, and by her supposed death left me untrammeled in anything I may wish to do. I will let her have her own head so long as the

money comes regularly."

He could not shake off the feeling that in some way Jocelyne Merle had crossed his wife's path. He was haunted by it all the hours of that December night until it grew upon him gaze.

alarmingly.

"I wonder what possesses me? Can it be possible I was at all smitten by Miss Merle's lovely beauty, or is it that I am continually remembering how I supposed Rose was dead, when she wasn't? Of course there could be no such trick as that played out at Westwood; and yet I'd wager all I possess in the world that there's something below it all, and the fastingting second in the seco ething below it all—and the fascination on

in the verdict of the physicians, and tenderly obeying their directions in removing the dark hue from Jocelyne's face, she little dreamed of

the avenger on her track—the silent, swift suspicion that, vague, purposeless though it was, nevertheless pointed to her.

He went down to Westwood, and heard the story of the awfully sudden, pitiful death, over and over again. He heard of the wild grief of the lever the heaviful devotion and grief of the lover, the beautiful devotion and kindness of Miss Ithamar, from the common people of the country, for he did not prefer to venture among the few families he had known, briefly, as Richmond's guest. But he walked over to Sunset Hill, now closed and deserted, and so lovely and gloomy among the see leafand so lonely and gloomy among the sere, leaf-less trees, under the dun, snow-suggesting sky, and wearing no suggestion of the scenes of rev-

and wearing no suggestion of the scenes of revelry and good cheer that had been enacted inside its hospitable walls.

He walked around the dreary, lonely grounds, where not a sound or sight of human life was heard or seen, feeling, with a shiver of the coldly-piercing wind, that it was as desolate as though the nearest habitation had been a dozen instead of only a mile away.

shutters on the ground-floor, and the contrast between the richly-furnished rooms within and the cold, cloudy world without was startling, for the moment, for he had forgotten that as Richmond had taken it furnished, he of course

left it so.

The early winter dusk was falling when he Ine early winter dusk was falling when he left the deserted grounds—the evening of the day on which Jocelyne had been laid away in Westwood Chapel, and, urged by that same restless impulse that astonished him, yet conquered him, he continued his walk toward the house that sheltered his wife, not hoping to see her, not desiring to see her, yet feeling that his nearness to her and the scene of her magnificent imposture would ouiet the restless, vacue meaimposture would quiet the restless, vague uneasiness he was conscious of.

siness he was conscious or.

Already the lights in the upper windows twinkled from the mansion, and as St. Felix walked briskly along, he grew gayer and brighter until he found himself at the lower park entrance, the one through which he had been requested to retire that day when he had seen his wife.

It was inexpressibly lonely. A wind was rising, that soughed through the gaunt tree-tops with weird walling in its means. Not a star was to be seen, and the frozen ground was dismally bare and gray. Not a sound of human life met his ear as he stood near the summerhouse where Rose had fainted. The walls of the ouse where Rose had fainted. The walls of the mansion arose darkly grand at the other end of the lawn; far down toward the left he could just discern the outline of the elegant little chapel where they had left Jocelyne in all the majesty and loneliness of death.

He followed the path that led from the sum-mer-house and when away down it, took an-

mer-house, and when away down it, took another that intersected it, and that brought him

reward unwarned again by either pulsing fear, or glimmer of hope. He was spiritual soul-sold man; he was physically splendi soul-sold man; he was physically splendidl strong and healthy; he was mentally vigorou and logical; and yet, in the face of all this, he instinctively gave a slight recoiling start and shiver, as, standing alone in the darkening nightagonized moan, as of a soul in mortal extremity The sound died slowly, faintly away; and St. Felix deliberately kept his post, a gleam in his

"By the very heaven above, it is even worse than I feared! That cat Rose has put her out of the way, but she has not done her work well; the girl has been buried alive! My God, what

eyes, his lips compressed.

a sound!"
For, a second appalling moan, deeper than before, assailed his horrified ears; yet, even in the startling novelty of his position, his clear brain did not fail him.

have already been inside this chapel once. with Richmond, when he was boastfully show-ing me the splendor of his prospects. I remem-ber that just within this end window is a door, clung to her vish fear.

the key of which hangs beside it—the door to the vault where the Ithamars are laid away. There is a living body imprisoned there, with a coffin-lid screwed upon it, to whom death must soon come, unless I rescue her. Shall I alarm the family, and have her saved, and enjoy the end from the satisfaction of knowing that my lady is flanked and—discovered, as I should whisper to her? Or, shall I perpetrate a romance of my own, and or, shall I perpetrate a romance of my own, and rescue her, and open another gold-mine thereby, and watch Rose, while she little dreams of the lair-swung sword over her head? . . If I take his girl from her living tomb, what shall I do with her—where take her in safety and comort? Sunset Hill! The empty house to which can carry her, and no one will be the wiser! I'll do it, I can do it, I will! A second sureptitious visit, to put another body in the mpty coffin, that shall be dressed in Miss forle's grave-clothes, and my tracks will be Merle's grave-clothes, and my tracks will be covered. I will attempt it!"

These thoughts had passed through St. Felix'

mind with the rapidity of lightning. Probably not a second had elapsed before he had taken the mental view of the case, and made the mental decision; and even while he was deciding had cautiously broken a pane of the stained glass, and crept through into the semi-darkness of the audience-room, where a lamp was burnng dinly, as he suddenly remembered having neard it always burned.

It was only the work of a minute to gain ac cess to the inner room, a vault, and by the light of the lamp he had taken from its place he saw the new, handsome casket standing on the the new, handsome casket standing on the trestles, that held the living girl in its horrid

Then a horrible fear suddenly seized him how could be unscrew the large silver-headed nails? His pocket-knife was useless, his fingers equally so: great Heaven, how was he to accomplish his task after all?

A faint, rustling noise inside the casket increased his horror; if he could he would have torn the lid off bodily, regardless of consequences, so frantic was he in his genuine human desire to rescue this girl.

For the moment all thought of the ultimate end of this task was lost; he was only a fellow.

For the moment all thought of the ultimate end of this task was lost; he was only a fellowbeing, conscious of the awful peril of another. His face gathered great beads of sweat as he threw off his overcoat, and fairly trembled in his vain endeavors to make his fragile knife turn even one relentless screw. Then, in a mockery of hope, it seemed, he began a search for some chance scrap of iron—anything—anything. And almost a laugh came from his lips as he snatched at an old rusty knife-blade, that he found fitted sufficiently well to enable him to hope for success—an old broken knife-blade, that Mike, the gardener's boy, had lost years ago, and that had been waiting for its part in this tragedy.

It did not take him many minutes to remove the lid; and he found his worst suspicions correct; Jocelyne was alive—alive in her coffin, and as he gave a low exclamation of almost incredulous surprise and satisfaction, her dark eyes wearily opened and met his own earnest

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM TOMB TO PRISON. The effect upon St. Felix was startling, although he was previously so confident that his suspicions were correct. As Jocelyne's lids slowly fluttered open, he made no immediate exclamation either of surprise or satisfaction,

me is strong to ferret it out. I feel perfectly powerless in the hands of some invisible power; I feel I must go down to Westwood."

And while Rose St. Felix had been exulting for the sight of her deathly face, her haunting eyes that for one second stared so wildly at him, her pinched, haggard visage, her limp folded hands, the sickeningly sweet odor of tuberoses

almost all power of speech or action.

Then her lids drooped heavily, and her pale lips assumed a still bluer cast, and St. Felix realized that she had fainted, whether from alarm or prostration, he did not know.

Then his momentum inection was come.

comprehended that whatever was to be done, must be done quickly, and at once he slipped one arm beneath her, and lifted her light, resistless form from her horrible resting-place, and carried her to the door of the vault, the fresh, and the dollars on her with resuscitating gool wind blowing on her with resuscitating

From his pocket he took his well-filled brandy flask, and succeeded in forcing some of its con-tents between her lips; then, when a prolonged shiver quivered over her, St. Felix took his thick warm overcoat and wrapped it closely

thick warm overcoat and wrapped it closely about her.

By this time his Vesta match had burned out, and he lighted another, its dim flame flickering dully on Jocelyne's piteous, pinched face, as she lay, rigidly, on his arm, while he watched the imperceptible return of life and consciousness.

"She looks like a dead person. I wonder if she will recover and reward me for my trouble? I wonder if I can get her across to Sunset Hill unseen? I will have no difficulty in getting in, once there, with the trusty keys of mine, that unlock even the gates of the tomb! If I can once get her there, securely, I will answer for keeping her there, securely. I will get some one to attend to her, and her return to Westwood will depend upon circumstances. If it wood will depend upon circumstances. If it pays me to permit her to return, she will; if not, she will not return."

He had laid his hand over her heart while he

was thinking as above; and he could just distinguish its fluttering, feeble pulsings.

"She is not dead! The game is not yet up!
She will revive presently, and if my prophecy is correct, she will revive to a sense of bewilderment, and later, fear, and horror when she discovers here given the review." covers her situation. Then she will probably faint again, and I shall take that opportunity of carrying her across to Sunset Hill."

He lit another Vesta, and just as it flared up with fitful gleam, her eyelids fluttered open again, and a decided quiver thrilled her frame, and by the increasing lifelike hue of her live.

and by the increasing lifelike hue of her lips St. Felix knew she was rapidly regaining strength.

There was no recognition in her eyes, no light

There was no recognition in her eyes, no light of consciousness, and their cold, stony glare was sad to see; but St. Felix knew it preceded sensibility, and laying her gently down on the floor, he began a vigorous rubbing of her wrists and hands, the while taking in every detail of her white, still face, with the cold, stonily glaring eyes, the lips closed in a rigid line, the figure still rigid in its attitude, but so intact with grace and girlish beauty that even the long time of suspended animation, when she had been laid away and locked in her coffin had no power to obliterate.

He poured more brandy between her lips, and ad no power to obliterate. He poured more brandy between her lips, and

He poured more brandy between her lips, and continued his vigorous chafing, only pausing to light match after match, and, with his cool forethought, gathering the tiny blackened tips and thrusting them in his pocket.

Then Jocelyne rewarded all his exertions by a sudden little gasping, choking noise; a cough, and then a low, piteous moan; signs that instantly made St. Felix forget his own discomfort arising from cold and nervous excitement.

ment.

And then he saw she was perfectly conscious as she looked at him, although her lovely dusk eyes were full of fright and wonder.

"Miss Merle! Miss Jocelyne! Do you know me? Can you speak to me?"

She did not answer, but the wonder and fright in her eyes increased, as she cast a quick, startled glance around the dim, gloomy vault, and upon St. Felix's face, on which the faint taper glow sent a mysterious light. She gave a little exclamation of sobbing affright, that he could not translate.

"Miss Merle, you have nothing to fear. You 'Miss Merle, you have nothing to fear. You

are safe with me-safe now. Do you know where you are?"

where you are?"

Her eyes never moved from his face, and he saw the pitiful fear and bewilderment in them, mingled with a dumb pleading of woe.

"There has been a terrible mistake, Miss Merle, and I have saved your life. Can you unerstand? Do you remember anything?"
Still no answer from her quivering lips, but her eyes changed their expression to one of memory and keener intelligence, as if her facul-ties, benumbed by the terrible trance she had endured, were regaining their

"I cannot understand—what place is this?
Why am I here?" She whispered the words with evident effort: then the awful horror and bewilderment came back in her eyes as she suddenly seemed to com-

Why, this is—a vault! I am not dead! Why am I nere?"

Excitement was giving her sudden, false strength of mind and body.

"Not dead, Miss Merle, but you were supposed to be dead, and were buried this after-

moon, and I have saved you from a living tomb When you feel able, I will take you from this Her eyes dilated with horror at the picture he

had painted.

"Buried alive! I-I buried alive! And Guardy permitted it—where is he? Take me to him right away! He will be so overjoyed when he finds out the mistake! Please take me, at She was shivering with cold and excitement

and her eyes were glowing with a supernatural gleam that was in marked contrast to her pale, sweet face. She had attempted to rise from her recumbent position, but could not, unassisted, and St. Felix had helped her to sit up, and was

respectfully supporting her:

"You are hardly able to attempt the distance to the house, Miss Merle, and I dare not leave you while I procure help. Be patient a few minutes longer."

She strove bravely to control net again, and he gather on her forehead and lips again, and he knew his prophecy was true, that she would yield to the strain on her enfeebled nervous sys-

He was correct. She seemed fighting against the deathly weakness that crept over her, but was obliged to succumb, and her lovely little dusky head drooped to her breast in a deep

Instantly St. Felix began his dangerous, hazardous experiment. He hastily reconnoitered in the vicinity, and satisfied himself that the path was clear as far as the main road. Then, he gathered Jocelyne in his strong arms, covered her carefully as he could with his long overcoat, closed the door of the vault as he had found it.

and then started down the path through the lit-tle cemetery and out into the road.

He almost flew along, despite his burden, and the dense darkness. Jocelyne was perfectly quiet and resistless in his arms, and gloom and the threatening storm abroad in the dark win-ter night made his hazardous attempt less haz-ardous, as no one in that neighborhood would be at all likely to be out—not the poorer classes, who would prefer to huddle around their scant fires, and certainly not the petted darlings of wealth whose comfort was so essential to them wealth, whose comfort was so essential to them

His eagerness lent speed and strength to him, and he hurried along, his ears strained to detect the slightest sound of travel, or sign of returning consciousness in Jocelyne.

But, to his satisfaction, he heard neither, and he reached the entrance gates of Sunset Hill

safely, unseen or unknown by human eye or his skeleton key—a door that he knew led by a narrow, seldom-used hall to an equally seldom-used stairway to the bedrooms on the second floor, whither he carried his burden, and laid ner carefully upon a couch, where she lay like a

St. Felix hastily secured the outside shutters, bolting them on the inside, then drew the heavy damask curtains; then he lighted two of the many wax candles in the candelabra, leaving one in its place, and taking the other on a tour one in its place, and taking the register for the many wax candles in the candelabra, leaving one in its place, and taking the other on a tour of discovery, first opening the register for the admission of the heat he hoped to evoke. He locked the door behind him as he went out on a

"She will freeze to death in this terrible barn, and if I find coal and wood, as I imagine Richmond left a stock, I can kindle a fire in the heater below, for in the darkness no one will see the smoke. I dare not hope there is any provisions left behind."

visions left behind."

There was a small portion of available food in the pantry. St. Felix found a couple of hams, a large jar of potted salmon, several loaves of bread, stale and hard as bullets.

"She will not starve until I find means to get my fortress provisioned. I will soak the bread in my brandy, after I've made a fire—if the entire game isn't up by the fatality of no coal, for she'll freeze before I can get any."

But, Richmond had not removed his coal and wood in the desperate anger and suddenness of his departure. He had laid in fuel for the season, and it was with the consciousness that Satan never deserts his own that St. Felix made his fire—a task his white, aristocratic hands had

nis fire—a task his white, aristocratic hands had never before condescended to do.

And as he watched the flames leap and glow, he thought, in detail, of his arrangements for

To-night I shall see that Miss Merle is com-"To-night I shall see that Miss Merle is comfortable and secure. To-morrow I will leave her on the pretext of preparing Mr. Ithamar for her return, while in reality I shall go to the city, see the agent of this property, hire it for a quarter, with the privilege of renewal; secure the services of some trusty woman as servant, who shall select suitable clothing for Miss Merle, and who shall be keeper, and send down a supply of housekeeping stores. I shall follow Madam Rose's inspiration, and not only submit my fair hair and beard to a dyeing process, but also my blonde complexion, transforming me to an olive-skinned, ebon-haired and mustached gentleman of middle age, whom my own selfgentleman of middle age, whom my own self would hardly know. I will affect glasses on ac-count of weak eyes. I will sign the lease as a Mr. Ixion; I will start afresh as a respectable,

Mr. Ixion; I will start afresh as a respectable, eccentric, wealthy single gentleman, with a sister whose mental condition demands the retiracy Sunset Hill affords—an unfortunate who never sees company. I will be enabled to do all this on Rose's hush-money."

The fire was burning brightly, and St. Felix could leave it, himself now thoroughly warmed and comfortable. He went up from the cellar, stopping in the pantry to take some of the bread, and the jar of salmon, a saucer from the well-filled china-closet, and a fork from among the kitchen utensils.

the kitchen utensils.

As he went along the corridors he paused to see that each window was secure; and then he let himself into the prisoner's room, now quite warm, to see Jocelyne standing beside the couch where he had left her, wild-eyed and panic-stricken, in the full possession of all her reasoning powers.

asoning powers.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

Mrs. Markham's Help.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE pretty bracket lamp cast a bright light over the cosy little kitchen dining-room where Annie Markham, the bride of a month, was retting supper.

Who from, Harry?" she asked, as her hus oand tossed a letter on the table beside her. "Mother," he answered, with a smile half f amusement, half of vexation.

"Ah! what does she say?" asked Annie, "Just what I feared. Read it, pet." And Harry came round and bent his tall figure over his wife's little shoulder, reading with her.

And this is what Mother Markham wrote in answer to her son's invitation to visit them: ' BEECH FARM, May, 18-

My DEAR SON: "My DEAR SON:
"No, I'll not come. If you had chosen a wife
from the capable, working country girls you know,
I would be proud to come. But I never took much
to fine city misses, and I don't care to claim one of
'em as my daughter. I didn't invite you to bring
her here when you were married, because I knew
her finified city ways and my old-fashioned ones,
wouldn't gee together, and I won't come to you wouldn't gee together, and I won't come to you for the same reason. I hope you will enjoy your new home, but I still think you had better have gone to boarding—you d'a' found it cheaper, for the help you'll have to hire to wait on her will cost you all your profits. However you've picked your own row, you'll just have to hoe it. Only don't look for any help from me. Your mother, "HANNAH MARKHAM"

"Never mind it, Annie; she'll know you petter some day," said Harry, as Annie looked up, just ready to cry.

Yes, and I'll make her like me pet," an-

wered the little wife. "Meantime, Harry, our supper is getting cold."
"Well, I'm ready." And they sat down to And they sat down to the neat, inviting table quite happy, in spite of

Mother Markham's displeasure. Poor old Mother Markham! At that very minute, in the old farm-house a hundred miles away, she was wiping from her eyes tears of real disappointment that the daughter she had always longed for was not what she had hoped she would be—a "good, capable country girl," who would be a good help, and not helpless, when she came to visit the old homestead, where Mother Markham and her remaining son, Tom, had lived since Harry went to the

There was a good bit of work to be done on the Markham farm this spring, and as Mother Markham would persist in doing her own housework, it kept her busy to cook for the hands. It tried her, too, so much more than common, that she began to wonder what aused the lassitude which crept over her every evening, and made her so unwilling to get up next morning.

And at last there came a morning when Mo ther Markham could not get up, and Tom was dispatched for Betty Higgins to come over and do the work.

Betty Higgins was stout, but she was also. as Mother Markham expressed it, "shiftless, and under her rule the tidy household got all upside down. So at the end of a week, Betty as dismissed, and a girl from Brannon's Mills installed. But, she did no better, and so she was kept only another week. This time Mother Markham was up and feebly trying to do her own household duties. She crept round a few days, and then she was down, worse than Tom tried to get another girl, but could ever. not succeed, so in sheer despair he wrote to Harry and told him how matters stood at the farm, and asked him to send a girl out from the city, if he could find one.

In a few days a response came from Harry, saying he did not know of any, but would send the first one he heard of to Beech Farm.

The very day the letter came a plainly-dress ed stranger stopped at the gate, and asked Tom if that was the Markham place, and, being told that it was, she said she had heard they were in need of help, and that she was in need of a ce, so she came to ask them to try her.

"Well, I guess we are in need of help," con-fessed Tom, who had been blundering through the work and the nursing himself, for the last two or three days. "You'd better come

with an attack of rheumatic pain, when Tom ushered the plain lady in a line

"Yes, 'pears like we need some one, but I don't know about a perfect stranger," she said,

"I have not brought recommendations, for I have never lived out," answered the girl, quietly and respectfully, "but I used to do the work at home, and, if you will let me try, I think I can please you. That sunshine is right n your face," she added, rising at once and owering a curtain which had worried the sick oman for an hour.

The little act dropped the scale in her favor. "Well, I'll try you for a week, though you don't look like you was much used to the

"But I am, and to nursing, too, for my mother was an invalid for two years before she died," said the young stranger. "I shall be glad to take care of you.

Well, you can put your things in the little pedroom, there—you'll sleep there—and go to work as soon as you are a mind to," and Mother Markham sighed with relief at having some body to depend upon, whether she proved very

capable" or not. "Now, then," announced the stranger, as she came out of the bedroom in two minutes, dressed in a plain calico for work, "m going o tidy up your room, and then-have you had any breakfast?" she asked, with a sudden

thought "Tom brought me a cup of coffee, but I couldn't drink it," the sick woman had to ad-

"Then you must have some toast and tea. Shall I use whatever I find?" asked the new

"Yes. Tom can show you where most of the things are." "Here he is now, so I'll ask him." She went

out to the kitchen, and in quite a short time came back bringing a waiter covered with a snowy napkin, on which was a cup of tea, a slice of nicely-browned toast and a little saucer of crimson jelly.

"Your son tells me you eat nothing, so I'm going to try to tempt your appetite," she remarked, pleasantly, as she arranged the little feast to the old lady's comfort. "Well, that does look and smell like some-

thing!" declared Mother Markham. And before she knew it she had finished the tea and "Now I feel better," and she sunk back

upon the newly-shaken pillows, with a restful expression on her worn face. "If things only wasn't so upside down!"
"Please don't worry about that, and I'll see if they can't be brought to order," said the

"Well, 1'm glad you came. Seems as if you understand your business," and poor Mrs. Markham, who felt helpless as a child, lying there, actually smiled,
"I think I can please you," smiled the girl

in return. "What shall we call you? I forgot to ask your name before.' "My name is Annie Harvey."

"Where did you come from!" "I came from the city, here. But my father's home was in Bethany. What time shall I have dinner ready, Mrs. Markham?"
"About noon. Tom comes in at twelve."

And after a few directions, Mother Marknam settled down and took the first comfortable nap she had taken since she fell sick. But she had a two weeks' hard tug yet, before she sat up again. And Annie Harvey proved herself invaluable, both as nurse and

nousekeeper. Everything was kept tidy and shining, swept and dusted; meals were in prompt time and perfect order. Tom did the milking and the neavy churning; but everything else went

through Annie's small fingers. And it was owing, the doctor declared, to her skillful nursing that Mrs. Markham got up in two weeks, instead of wearing out a six or eight weeks' siege.

Tom vowed she should stay all summer, and not go when his mother gct well. But Annie only smiled, and said she would stay as long as she was needed. One morning, after the old lady could sit up, a letter came from Harry, saying he had heard of his mother's sickness, and would be out that

day to see her. Wonder if he'll bring his wife?" asked 'I hope not," returned Mother Markham, There's enough to do here, without a fine city ady to wait upon. Now, if she was like our Annie here, what a comfort she might be to me

while I am sick! It would be so nice to have a daughter to nurse one! Annie was just carrying a cup and saucer to the kitchen. She did not say one word, but her eyes twinkled with a mischievous light, and she was smiling to herself as she went

Harry came in due time, and in half an hour Mother Markham was telling him about Annie, and what a treasure she was. 'Call her in, I am curious to see her," de-

clared Harry. So Annie was called, and Mother Markham sprung out of her chair with surprise when Harry deliberately crossed the room, took Annie Harvey in his arms, and kissed er, as if he had a right to, and was well used

Why, Harry!" she cried. 'Yes, mother, certainly. I have a right to kiss my own wife, haven't I?'

"To be sure! And your daughter, mother! I am glad you like her."
"Well! I never did!—I never see the beat o'

his!" exclaimed the old lady, dropping back into her chair. You see, you wouldn't come to her," explained Harry, "so when we heard you were sick and without help she came to you. What

you think of your 'fine city miss,' now, 'She's the best girl in the world!" cried the old lady. "And if you can forgive and forget the folly of an old goose like me, I'd like to

hear her call me 'Mother' once. "Hush, mother; you sha'n't talk so about yourself, for I love you dearly, and I have nothing to forgive or forget either," said Annie, coming from Harry's side. "And I'm going leave you to entertain Harry while I get dinner, for I'm your only 'help,' you know!"

It was a nice dinner Annie prepared, and they all enjoyed it, nobody more than Mother Markham, who was so glad and proud of the long wished-for daughter, whom she had re-

AUNT EMILY-"Why, Nellie, don't you know it is unkind to catch hold of your sister and pull her hair?' Nellie (who doesn't see it) "Well, auntie, I saw you holding cousin Frank round the neck quite tightly, yesterday, when mamma was out, and pulling his hair, Mother Markham was tossing on her bed and he didn't say anything!"



Published every Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1877.

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Sunshine Papers.

Sweethearts and Wives. A SOLILOQUY.

"GREAT SCOTT! This is what I call com-A nice little supper served for one, a quiet house, a box of fine cigars, the evening paper, a new book, and a chance to stretch legs ad infinitum without hearing Mrs.

Sniffen say:
"'Mercy! Mr. Sniffen, I beg of you do not spoil the chairs by putting your great feet in them! And I must insist that you omit setting the children such disgraceful examples.

'Ha! ha! It makes me laugh to think what a free man I am, with wife and family all in the country! Why, it is like the time when I was Tom Sniffen, a jolly dog of a bachelor Ah! those were good, easy days, when a fellow could invite any man he liked to "drop in;" and could repose the extent of his perpen ularity on as many chairs as he chose; and could read new books and discuss them with some associate who had read them also: and smoke a cigar without hearing a tirade on the amount of his cigar bills and the disgustingness of the habit. My! my! women are a great institution, anyhow! They never seem to think that we men find it quite as disgusting to see them daub walnut-juice on their eye-brows, and red-salve upon their lips, and two or three thicknesses of powder per day upon their faces; and then how disgusting it is to see them working at those endless little curlicues they wear about their forehead, sticking them flat with gum or soap; to say nothing of how our nasal organs object to the odor of burnt hair that always clings to their crimps. But do we ever raise rows, and tell them how much oftener we could have a new shirt, or indulge in a new beaver, if they would waste less money on their gums and salves, and concoctions and cosmetics? Why no indeed, sir! We just sub-

Well, well; I'm going to enjoy this little freedom, you can just stake your last dollar on that, Tom Sniffen, my boy! I'll smoke in every room in the house, instead of always stowing myself away in the kitchen or the attic when I want to indulge; and I'll have 'the boys' yers who procure divorces. Take my word come in to tea, just as they used to, to eat a for it that half the marriages dissolved—exstew with me, when I lived, fancy free and cept those by death—are through the machina-

family free, in my third-story-front room. Annie gets up very nice little meals, and she a very clever, good-natured girl; not bad-oking, either. Ha! ha! Wouldn't Mrs. Sniffen give Annie her conge mighty quick if she heard me say the girl was pretty! Thinks I would make love to her, no doubt. What a joke! Make love to the cook! I, who never kissed any woman but my wife since I first put on roundabouts! Oh, it is too funny, what jealous little savages women are! Heigho! one never knows anything about them until one is married.

"Well do I remember the day I first saw Mrs. Sniffen. It was in church. Laura Inosent she was then; and how bewitching she did look as she knelt on the footstool and repeated the litany. Bless me! I thought she was an angel straight from heaven, and hardly to be thought of by Tom Sniffen—earthly wretch. I know I told her about it afterward, and how I respected her deep religious

"'Oh, yes!' said she; 'I recollect the day well; and how I could scarcely keep my place in the prayer-book for looking at the blue-silk bonnet that Mary Adair had on. Such an ugly thing as it was! And she putting on as any airs as if it had come from Paris!

"Oh, Laura, Laura, how you women do de-ceive us poor devils of mer! And I cannot for the life of me see how we get so infatuated How I used to dream of married life! It was to be one long honeymoon. Your pretty red lips could never speak cross words and would always be proffered like nectar for me to sip. You and I should read the same books and dis cuss them together; and evenings, while you mended gloves or darned our hose, I was to tell you all the political news of the day, and read you the famous speeches, and the literary and art criticisms. Wherever I went you should go, also. My gentlemen friends should drop in to see us often, in a social, informal way, and you should charm them with your pretty hospitality and general intelligence. I should share with you all my business cares and consult you concerning all my plans and aspirations for the future. Bah!

"What aspirations can a married man have except to gain wealth enough to satisfy his wife, some day, and to hope that she will finally decide on what course of training to adopt toward the children, and for once get a new dress that she is fully convinced is handsomer than any of the dresses of her female friends? Ah, me! The illusions of marriage vanish rapidly when our sweethearts become our wives! When they are our sweethearts they cannot dress prettily enough for us; what ravishing toilets they make! When they are our wives, neatly-arranged hair, and dainty collars and cuffs, of a morning, are too much trouble for us alone; in fact, they never make a handsome toilet unless company is coming, they are going out. And if our friend call, 'they are such a bore,' and they do not approve of people getting in a habit of coming so unceremoniously. And they do not get time to read new books, though they get time to put 'nineteen sweet tucks' in a pair of pillow shams. They do not want to hear about politics; what do they care who is Provided. politics; what do they care who is President? they never could see any sense in prosing over long speeches on 'specie payment' or 'civil reform'; they don't care whether the reform is civil or uncivil, or whether they have speci or bills, so long as you give them plenty of one or the other, wherewith to go shopping. As for reading aloud, they are knitting 'such a love of a new opera-hood,' and cannot count the stitches if you disturb them. And kiss you, sit on your knee, run to meet you of an evening with glad, outstretched arms? They wonder how you can be so silly! And you need not tell them anything about business; they are so nervous, they hate to hear about such matters; but you can hand them a twenty-dollar bill if you have it in your

"I do not wonder that so many men find more charms outside of home than in it, when takes into the inner sanctuary of his heart a pretty, little, caressing woman, who, he fondly imagines, is to develop and complete all that is best in his life; and she develops into a fretful, selfish, soulless woman who interests herself in none of his pursuits nor pleasures!

"Ah, well; I suppose women are not capable of the nice things we think of them; and, after all, Laura is no worse than the general run!" A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

(THE WRONG WAY.)

THERE are some people who always seem to be in the way, and in the wrong way too. They intrude upon your privacy and trouble you with silly and unimportant questions; they write to you on their own business and expect you to leave your own business to attend to them, and expect you to pay the postage be-sides, as they inclose no stamp; they call just at a time when you don't want them to; they rush over to your house when you have com pany, with whom they are unacquainted, and with whom you had much rather have a quiet tete-a-tete than to be interrupted by others; they peep and poke into your uncorrected man uscript and point out where you have failed to dot an "i" or cross a "t," or have left out a word, until you feel like tearing the manuscript, or them, to pieces; you cannot keep your temper while they are about; patience with them is as impossible as placid temper in tooth-pulling.

If you have kind friends, of whom you have a high opinion and whose esteem you value highly, along will come some of these pests to torment you by picking flaws in such friends' characters and endeavoring to turn you against them, for it seems to be the hight of their hap-

piness to make others unhappy If you are kindly disposed to do a good ac tion and help some suffering creature, these human hyenas will get in your way and strive to prevent you from carrying out your good intention by saying that the objects of your commiesration have brought their poverty on themselves by drink, shiftlessness or extravagance, and that the money given them by you will doubtless go the same way. They think you had better wait until you learn more about them. Heed their advice, and, ten chances to one, some deserving soul will die while you are waiting-so it's best to take the risk and quietly tell these intermeddlers to step out of your path. If they don't take the hint deal a hit that if it spoils the toe of your boot is money

well lost. There are people who are always in the way when love-making is going on; who do seem to love to make mischief between engaged persons, to cause quarrels to arise between them -who strive to ever keep them in hot water, and who, even after marriage, will not let them alone but continue to wag their serpentlike tongues and give employment to the laware always in the wrong way, and who, in their pretense of doing good, work much evil. They are hypocrites, for they lead you to suppose they have your interest at heart when their tattling tales serve merely to amuse themselves and to gratify their love of mischief.

I prefer to have these hateful creatures run against me in the street, put out my eyes with their parasols, bespatter dirt on my best walking dress, than to have them poke around my domicile and regale my ears with the ill-doings and shortcomings of my neighbors. When people are engaged or married they trust each other—at least they should do so or they ought not to be engaged or married—and they do not want their bliss disturbed by some one getting in their way and filling their ears with base insinuations, stretches of imagination or downright falsehoods. Let jealousy once creep in and it's hard to drive it out; it may be forgiven but it cannot be forgotten, and it is the bitter-est enemy one can have on their hearthstone. Better not let it enter at all than have hard work to drive it out.

If I had a husband I loved and believed in I'd not want any busybody coming with reports to me of what they think of his conduct. When they commenced to pour forth their slander I should just say: "My good friend, stop where you are. I don't wish to hear what you would say. I have faith, confidence and trust in my husband, and your words could not turn me from him. Please keep your opinions to yourself concerning my husband. If you have aught of good to tell me of him I will most willingly listen to you, but not otherwise." Perhaps these words might give me an enemy; she might hate me for not being inclined to listen to her accusations; yet, I know, I should despise her had I done so

These persons who get in our way continualy-the wrong way-we do not want, do not need, have no desire for, cannot find room for their accommodation; so we should advise them, one and all, to "clear the track"—not a very ladylike expression but a most expressive

Foolscap Papers.

An Agreeable Ride.

THE Whitehorn family have always been oted for their supreme modesty and bashful-The whole family was wiped out by the lood just because they were too timid to ask Noah for a passage in the ark. After the flood the new line of the family sprung up pontaneously, and the same timidity and extreme bashfulness continued as in the original

When Lot preached in Sodom and Gomorrah they were too bashful to go to church to hear him, and the consequence was that the line got another backset; but they afterward secured another start, and have continued without any serious interruption to the present

Now the reserve that has so long characterized the stock has been developed in me to an infinite extent, and especially when I was a young man. I was bashful enough for four r five men. You would hardly believe it, but

Now, in connection with bashfulness, I pos essed another trait called bad horsemanship. and that big; and once it happened that my girl went out to visit her uncle's, five miles in the country, and had exacted a promise that 1 would ride out there on the next Sunday.

I say my girl. How she ever got to be my girl 1 don't know; but I think that it was by a long series of stumblings, and stammerings and accidents and blushings, and other de-lightful agonies, for which she took pity on ne, and eventually I had got so bold that I could say a continuous string of six or eight words at a time, and could almost allow her to catch me looking at her, at times.

Sunday came and I went. The day had been sitting on the stove, and was dreadfully hot. The horse was very old. and dreadfully slow. It was the first time I had ever ridden on horseback, but I had seen others ride, and it looked easy enough. But I was deceived. I was dressed in pure white, and the saddle was very greasy and old. didn't gallop out there, for I wasn't in a hurry, and I wanted to look at the scenery.

In fact, I walked all the way.

I found about a dozen neighboring couples there for dinner, as they had a Sunday habit of gathering that way.

With my paper collar melted down, my white pants blacked, and the skirt of my linen coat torn by a branch when the horse shied. I didn't feel pretty comfortable. We had a good dinner—I mean the others had, for they didn't seem to notice when a person was out of bread or chicken, and I got through

After dinner a ride was suggested, the horses were all brought out, the girls and boys got into the saddles, and I was shown the hor intended for Angelina, which I led up to the block, and did my best to get it close enough for her to get on. I pushed it, and slapped, and jerked, while a gentle and subdued titter went around in the crowd. I pushed in vain, and the perspiration stood out on my face in At last they all burst out in exasperating laughter, and one young man said if I would turn the horse around so the stirrup rould be toward the block perhaps it would be better, besides saving Angelina the trouble of elimbing clear over the horse. I thought so. 500; turned the horse end for end, and he went right up to the block; he had more sense than I blushed, and needlessly remarked that I didn't know very much about horses.

Then as I sprung on my horse the saddle turned; and as I got up on the other side one fellow said if I could jump over seven horses as easily as I did over that one I could travel a circus—in the lemonade business. When I got on again I stuck, and, for various reasons, I rode in the rear with Angelina. The troop started up on a lively trot and

rouble began. My horse would have made a good piledriver. I had ridden in palace-coaches and there was no comparison. My feet wouldn't stay in the stirrups for anything, although I did my best to keep them there.

I was in the saddle just half the time, and several inches above it the other half. As long as I was in the air I was all right, but when I would touch the saddle I was all wr ng. never knew how heavy I was before. I was afraid of breaking my horse's back, and every time I came down my back-bone was forced up into my head. In fact the next day I was three inches shorter than I was before. those in front neglected their own business and kept continually looking back at my business.

Angelina's eyes were upon me, too!
"What—is—the—use—of—them—being n-such-a-hurry?" I asked, between jolts, and I never knew what the pommel of the saddle was for before. The road was awful rough! Angelina rode along as smoothly as experiment.

tions of these detestable mischief-makers who could be, but she had only one foot to keep in the stirrup while I had two.

"How do you seem to enjoy the ride?" asked Angelina, with the least little bit of fun

"Oh-very-well. It-is-highly-ex-hilia rating," I returned, and thought that a pleasant little trip on an upright framed mill-saw would be a much more delightful thing, take it all around. In turning corners I found I was sadly in need of a helm, and the turns I made were not noted for their shortness.

Our conversation was somewhat limited, and found I was getting the hiccoughs, and also ound that there was no law of equilibrium on norseback. I wanted to tie my feet in the

stirrups so they would remain there.

By and by, the crowd struck into a gallop, and that old brute I rode followed suit. I thought my saddle had forty stirrups by the way they flew around, but I let them go and got a good grip around the horse with my feet.
"Isn't this fine?" said Angelina.

"Ex-ceedingly—so," I said, tightening my grip on the mane, while I was sure the horse was running off, "although—riding—fast—always—makes—me—sea-sick."

Then I suggested slackening up a little as my orse must be very tired, and I knew I was. Forward and back went my head, and I thought every time I would jerk it off, and finally my hat did go. I was glad of it, for it was an excuse to stop; got the hat, and said I did not like the looks of the country out that way, and thought we had better saunter back. She benevolently agreed, and the crowd were soon lost in the distance.

Oh, but I had made that saddle sore! I felt like I had been shipwrecked on a thousand I knew when the crowd got back they would inquire if the horse was still alive, so when we got back to the house I bid Angelina good-by, and started down the other road; and when I got out of sight, got off and led the horse home, five miles. I don't like to ride all the time. The horse died a few days afterward, but by good treatment I survived.

I never knew before what death on the pale

horse meant, nor how too much horseback exercise destroys the romance of love.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The faculty of Dartmouth College have decided that hereafter no student shall have the benefit of a scholarship who will not pledge himself to spend no money for liquor, tobacco, billiards and dancing.

—In 1859 Russia borrowed £5,353,000; in 1862, £15,000,000; in 1864, £5,538,000; in 1866, £5,920,-134; in 1867, £22,908,000; in 1870, £11,962,950; in 1871, £11,962,950; in 1872, £14,969,900, and in 1873, £15,900,900, making a grand total of £108,514,934.

-The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000 tons of salt. Should the sea be dried up there would be a deposit of salt over the entire ocean 450 feet deep; and if the salt were taken and spread in the land, it would cover it to the depth of

—Mr. Whittier is 68 years old, and a most quaint, kindly, and refined person, using habitually the Quaker "thee" and "thou." Mr. Longiellow is a year older and wears well the dignity of the gentleman and the poet. Mr. Lowell is 57, and has the look of the critic rather than of the poet.

-The ancient kingdom of Poland is now, for —The ancient kingdom of Poland is now, for all purposes, an integral part of the Russian empire, the last remaining vestige of its semi-autonomical character having been swept away through the recent abolition of the office of secretary of state for Poland.

-A couple of vultures have made Vulture —A couple of vultures have made vulture Mountain, at Gaysville (Stockbridge, Vt.), their home for years, and the other day a party of men went up there, and by the aid of ropes made their way down the precipice 150 feet, where they bagged four young vultures. Meanwhile the old ones soared above them, just out of reach of rifle-balls.

-"Poor Carlotta" has at last, it is reported, heard of the fate of her husband. She received the news calmly, but it is impossible to say whether or not she appreciates its significance fully. She has occasional fits of delirium, and e phase of her insanity has never quitted her. e is still afraid that her food is poisoned, and refuses to partake of it until some one else has tasted it. She writes, paints, and studies

—A company has been formed in California to export meat and fruit from the far West to England Land has been purchased at Reno and Winnemucca on which to build improved refrigerator slaughter-houses, and vast herds can be procured from Nevada and Utah. Stocknikova in the San Locarin Valler and its stocknikova in the San Locarin Valler and its stocknikova. raisers in the San Joaquin Valley are willing to contribute more sheep than the company can reasonably expect to ship within the year, and one man writes that he has not sold a wether for three years, and has plenty of sheep but no money. The first slaughter-house for sheep will be built at Merred money. The first s be built at Merced.

-Victoria of England, Augusta of Germany and Marie of Russia are presently to receive from the American Women's Centennial Exe-cutive Committee elaborately-bound copies of "The New Century for Women," "Reports of the Philanthropic and Charitable Institutions of the World," "Worthy Women of Our First Century," and "Final Report of the Women's Centennial Executive Committee." The books re records of women's work at the Centennial and are inclosed in cases made of Florida red cedar, lined with Vermont bird's-eye maple. They are to be given in recognition and acknowledgment of the courtesy bestowed by those sovereigns upon the Women's Centennial Executive Committee.

—It is probable that few persons of France are aware of the extent of what may be termed the "poultry industry" of that country. According to statistics given by one of the French papers, France supports at the present time no fewer than 40,000,000 hens, representing, at an estimated average of 2f. 50c, each, 100,000,000f. (\$20,000,000). These 40,000,000 hens give birth annually to 100,000,000 chickens, of which it is found expedient to put aside 10,000,000 each year for productive purposes. Accidents and disease again reduce the number of chickens destined for consumption to 80,000,000, which, putting their average value at 1f. 50c. apiece. putting their average value at 1f. 50c. apiece, may be estimated as worth 120,000,000f. (\$24,-000,000). To these figures must be added the further sum due to capons and fat pullets, which may be stated at 6,000,000f.

—A gentleman residing at Phoenixville, says the Reading Eagle, of Queensland, Australia, has several very fine canary birds to which he has given much attention. One of the birds he has taught to sing "Home, Sweet Home," clearly and distinctly. His mode of instruction is as follows: He placed the canary in a room where it could not hear the singing of other birds, and suspended its cage from the ceiling, so that the bird could see its reflection ceiling, so that the bird could see its reflection ceiling, so that the bird could see its reflection in a mirror. Beneath the glass he placed a musical box that was regulated to play no other tune but "Home, Sweet Home.", Hearing no sounds but this, and believing the music proceeded from the bird he saw in the mirror, the young canary soon began to catch the notes, and finally accomplished what its owner had been laboring to attain, that of singing the song perfectly. This is an experiment easily tried, and one we should be glad to know the results of from some of our own bird fanciers if they make the experiment.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Only a Flower;" "Sixteen and Forty;" "The Lesson He Learned;" "The Romance of Blue Court Hall;" "For Love of Him;" "Bury Me in the Morning;" "Mrs. Markham's Help;" "Wouldn't be Sacrificed."

Help;" "Wouldn't be Sacrificed."

Declined: "The Lost World;" "A New Departure;" "Keeping to the Left;" "The Leather Belt's Loss;" "A Lasso d Heart;! "Love on a Rock;" "Betsy Jane;" "The Death-Sound."

AZUR. No "time-piece" can be made for such a sum if it has any value as a time-keeper.

GEO. C. K. Do not care to see the MS. It evidently is not in our line. Send it to some of the "blood and thunder" papers.

T. T. Stuttering as hebit can be cured and most.

T. T. Stuttering as habit can be cured, and most all cases are acquired habits. The cure is to fight the habit. LIZZIE K. Low shoes are quite the style. Heel moderately low, the toe somewhat pointed—not proad as heretofore. "Broad toes' have had their

C. E. S. Answered by mail. We cannot be cothered to "give reasons" or to pass a critical populion on MSS. That is the work of professional crities and readers for the press.

MARTIN C. C. When a gentleman meets a lady who is unacquainted with him, but bows to a lady or gentleman who is in his company, he lifts his hat just the same as if he, himself, knew her.

Young Lover. As you are "ower young to marry yet," we see nothing to prevent you as boy and girl from being very good friends. Both of you are simply absurd to speak of "serious" attentions.

HARRY MAYFLOWER. Agnes Booth is wife of Junius Brutus Booth, elder brother of Edwin Booth. She was once the wife of Harry Perry, we believe. Edwin Booth's second wife is Mary Mc-Vickar, an actress of merit. The father of the Booth brothers was the celebrated actor, "the elder Booth.

WILBUR. The larch tree belongs to the ever-green species; but it is not evergreen. During the winter it fades to yellow. In the spring it puts on a most exquisite dress of green. It is one of the most beautiful of ornamental trees, graceful and fea-thery. It has a "floral interpretion." It signifies "audacity," "boldness."

"LITTLE SWEETHEART 'asks if she should invite THTLE SWETHEART asks it she should invite a gentleman in after escorting her home from any evening entartainment? After ten o'clock is too late for calling hours, unless the person is a betrothed lover who covets a few lingering words of farewell. A gentleman would not think of intruding at such hours, and a lady is not under obligation to extend any invitation to such effect.

tion to extend any invitation to such effect.

AUGUSTA. If you cannot call upon the bride and groom for some time, they living in another town, inclose your visiting card in a plain white envelope addressed to Mr. and Mrs. —, which place in a larger white one addressed to the groom alone. This will signify that you acknowledge their cards, and virtually pay them a bridal visit; which visit you can then make, when you go to the town where they reside.

ONLY MARY. Either name, Kate or Alice, is pretty. Your own is just as pretty, and has, besides, pleasant associations.—We have once or twice adverted to the diet to prevent growing fleshiness. Use very little milk or cream and avoid much sweet. Lemonade is better than raw lemon-juice. Don't take vinegar. It impairs digestion. Sherry wine is even better than lemon-juice—a glass at each meal.

glass at each meal.

Honest Lem. Comets are wholly a mystery to physical science. They are very immaterial in substance—almost wholly gaseous. Stars have even been seen through what is called the head or nucleus of the comet. That these mysterious bodies move in regular orbits, with stated periods, proves that they are governed by laws almost inscrutable to human understanding. They are the strangest phenomena of the universe.

DINGY. The running time of Ten Eyck's horse, Kentucky, the other day, as given—1 mile in 1.87 we believe never has been beaten; at least the turf record shows nothing better than 1.41%, which was Kodi's time at Hartford, in September, 1876. The record of the British turf shows nothing to excel the Kentuckian's score. If Ten Eyck's horse can beat his own time, then he may be regarded as the fleetest horse in the world, so far as can be known

known. Known.

Kare. A lady is always expected to take the initiatory in recognitions between a gentleman and a lady. If you meet a gentleman acquaintance and do not bow to him, he is quite correct in passing you unnoticed, and has no alternative but to accept your behavior in the sense of a slight; and he is not "merely putting on airs," but demanding what is his due when he refuses to seek your company until you offer an explanation or apology.

apology.

MINNIE W. The "best makes" of kid gloves are always cheapest in the end; besides that they outwear cheap gloves, they fit much better, and you have the satisfaction of feeling that they are nice while wearing them. Many buttons are stylish, but three buttons are very nice and lady-like for street and church gloves. \$2.10 to \$2.50 is the price for a good pair of three buttoned kids. Wear light shades for church, entertainments, and calls; with carriage, traveling, and street costumes, wear gloves to match the shade (the darkest shade, rather) of the dress material. A pretty summer glove of lisle-thread, with very long close-fitting, open-worked wrists, are much worn by young ladies, with thin suits.

with thin suits.

A letter before us from a young friend asks:
"What shall I study to make myself a teacher?—
that is, would you advise me to try to be good in
one or two special studies, or good in all?" It is not,
we answer, the book knowledge that makes the
teacher. It is the faculty of knowing just how to
teach—a faculty that is "born not made." Some
persons may know ever so much, yet be the worst
of teachers. As to fitness by study, we certainly
must heartily approve of special lines for special
persons. Now a-days, when the branches to learn
and to be taught are so many, it is simply impossible for one mind to command all. Choose a
specialty—letit be modern or ancient languages, mathematics, natural science, chemistry, astronomy,
etc., etc.—that for which you have the most aptitude or taste, and in the chosen branch become an
adept. This will qualify you for a life pursuit, and
if you have the faculty of the teacher you will obtain
an honorable position at a good salary.

"Little Worker" says: "I am very fond of

"LITTLE WORKER" says: "I am very fond of fancy works, and of making pretty articles for my brothers rooms and my own, and if you will tell me how I can make some cheap but pretty frames for pretty pictures that are too small to put heavy frames on, you will do me a great favor."—For eight cents you can buy a package of several hundred "splints," nearly a foot long. "Splints" are narrow, flat, pliable little sticks. Cut the ends in notches, and then make frames by running them in and out, fastening at each crossing with cross stitches of gray wools. Fourteen "splints" make a frame—two on each side, one vertically and one horizontally across the back of the picture, and one diagonally across the ton to feach corner, and a group of three in the middle of each side; four crosses of wool at each corner, and three, in a row, upon each side. Hang on pins or tacks, in groups, or under or above a large picture. Pretty frames are made of perforated board, cut in Greek squares and embroidered.

Margaret asks: "What is the most stylish cuff

Margaret asks: "What is the most stylish cuff now worn in sleeves, or do ladies wear ruffling in sleeves? Is there any way in which tortoise-shell bracelets and jewelry can be cleaned and brightened when it once gets dull and scratched? What does Margaret mean; is there any masculine form of it, and to what particular nation is it most common? Ihope you will not be troubled with my curiosity, but will kindly answer my questions." We are glad to help you with any information that is in our power to give. Plain white linen cuffs, of various simple styles, are worn with the plain standing, turned-down-points linen collars; and pretty cambric and calico sets are worn with traveling dresses and cambric suits. But many silk and stuff goods suits, having handsomely trimmed coat sleeves, are worn without cuffs or ruffling about the wrist, only long gloves (four or five buttons) and bracelets. Many stylish ladies have quite discarded cuffs and ruffles, but a high collar or frill is worn at the throat.—Wash your tortoise-shell articles in warm, soft water, with a linen cloth and soft brush; dry and rub well with sweet oil, until a nice polish is obtained —Margaret means "a pearl; the French spell it Marguerite, which is also their name for the pretty white field flower we call a daisy. Italians write the name Margarita, and among the English and Scotch it is often written Margery. The German form is Gretchen. In all its variations the name signifies the same. Its abbreviations are Maggie, Meg, Mag, and sometimes, incorrectly, Madge, It is a common name in the British isles, and in France. We know of no masculine form. MARGARET asks: "What is the most stylish cuff

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

SPECIAL NOTICE, -All adverisements in our columns stand on their own merit. We in no way indorse them. We insert none that we think are ob-

THE FOOTPRINTS.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Your broad lands boast one bare place
Whereon nothing cares to grow.
Was it accident or grace
Led me hither? From below
With an idle eye, half shut,
Up this path I came and found
This proud imprint of your foot—
Stamp of beauty in the ground!

Maud, I know you queenly and cold
Whom I thought as warm as fire;
Whom now other arms enfold—
Whom now other eyes admire.
Passion broke the perfect spell
Wherein love so lived serene;—
Dead at last where wild words fell—
Words that better had not been.

You were proud and I was poor.
Maud, there is sin to be atoned;
There is wrong at some one's door
Though it ever be unowned.
And the far past's paining way
Of the present seems a part,
There's a footprint in the clay
And another in the heart.

Sixteen and Forty;

WHO WAS CAUGHT?

BY MARY REED CROWELL. MAUD ECCLES had been standing, the admired center of an admiring crowd, for nearly

fifteen minutes, and worshiping her from afar Clifford Kenneth watched her, with a look in his eyes that told its own story of passionate He was handsome, remarkably so, yet in a refined, elegant style; he was educated, agreeably fascinating in manner—and he was worth a thousand dollars a year-a thousand dollars

that was earned by daily toil over the books of a firm of tea-merchants, and not the interest of accumulated or inherited fortune. And Maud Eccles was the oldest of two children of a millionaire; a young lady whose florist's bill alone amounted to Clifford Kenneth's salary, whose jewels cost more money than he had ever earned in his life. Maud was

pretty—very pretty in a plump, girlish, rosy way that dissipation had not yet spoiled; but that time might.

And—Clifford Kenneth had dared think of

her as his love, his wife. Of course it was absurdly presumptuous; but then, men have been known to perpetrate equally ridiculous mistakes; and Mr. Kenneth, standing aside from the brilliant crowd and watching the girl he loved, did not realize that

the unattainable was before him. Not that he did not perfectly understand the immense disparity in his present pecuniary condition and Mand's, but love at twenty-five is so apt to be rose-colored and hopeful, and with his admirable position he now occupied, his perfect health, his proud ambition, Chifford Kenneth did not know why he should not, in reasonable time, rise to wealth the same as hundreds of other men had.

He watched Maud with rising pulse and eager eyes she was so sweet and fair, and so many times had she given him reason to hope
—so many times he had caught her blushing gaze—surely, surely, Maud would be true to her young heart and admit what he felt was

true—that she loved him. He had come to her house, resolved to put his fate to the touch that night; and when the sound of some one's voice singing in the music room had drawn nearly every one thither, Mr. Kenneth captured Maud and bore her off on his arm in an entirely different direction.

It's too bad, Mr. Kenneth, because I really wanted to hear Miss Semproni sing. Maud half-laughed her pretty little protest as she took his arm and he piloted the way to the conservatory where the lights were burn ing dimly and the sound of plashing water

came softly to their ears. 'But I wanted you to-night, Maud," he said, gently, yet the undertone of passion in his voice startled her. "I want you to listen while I tell you what you must have guessed a long while ago-how I love you, my darling,

how I want you for my own! Maud!" And Maud, with downcast eyes, laid her two dainty hands on his arm in a pretty, pleading way, that a wayward child might

"Oh, please please don't say so, Mr. Ken neth! It hurts me so to have to tell you—it cannot be as you wish! Indeed, indeed I am so sorry, and I would be so glad if papa would not insist on my marrying Mr. Hender But he is rich, and I have always been accustomed to-

Somehow the pretty pathos in her voice was dying out, and a flippant coldness was creeping into it that cut Kenneth to the very soul So, it was because he was poor, after all! And Maud was to marry old Mr. Hendersonhis dainty little Maud, because she could better get along without love and devotion than handsome dresses and jewels and horses and

Well, that was all there was of it. He was refused, prettily, gracefully, decidedly, and he had it to bear as best he could.

And he bore it well—gran lly. He had loved this girl—oh, so fondly. She had seemed to him all that was sweetest and truest and fairest-and-she had brushed the bloom off herself by so quietly telling him it was money

He bore it very well. He bowed his acceptance of her decision, and was about leaving the house, when Maud's little sister, Christie came dancing up to him-a slender, graceful little fairy of four years, with floating golden curls and dark, thoughtful eves.

Mr. Tenneth, you mustn't do home! Don't you wemember you pwomised to dance a wedowa miv me? An' i've dot on my new dess, 'tause I was doin' to dance miv a bid, drowed-up man!

Surely enough, he had told Christie, days and days ago days ago when he was so hope ful and happy-that she must give him the redowa which she was so proud to have learn-And here the little darling was, looking with aggrieved eyes at him, for not having shown her more attention by himself remem bering it.

Kenneth was one of those sweet, patient dispositions who are always just and kind to little ones; so now he stopped on his way, smiling, in spite of his sore pain.

I did promise, sure enough, Goldenhair! And how sweet my little partner looks Come, Christie, they are playing our dance!" It was a happy five minutes for the child, and when Kenneth stopped and sat down beside her for a second, her eyes were all asparkle, as she leaned confidentially against

you sumfing. I are dot it in my pottet-Hawwy dived it to me!"

She carefully took from her tiny pocket a

huge peanut and broke it in halves. There; you tate half, and I tate half, and we'll bofe eat 'em. And it'll be philopena, and whoever says philopena first, after tonight, must div a present to the unver one Do you know what I want if I tatch you Mr. Tenneth? A dreat bid tawiage for my doll.

Somehow, the child's prattle sounded inex-pressibly restful to him, after that heartlessess of her sister, and yet the innocent men tion of the time when one of them should sav philopena" after to-night, smote him with dull, cold pain. Would he ever see her or her fair, cold-hearted sister again?

Then he kissed little Christie good-night, assuring her he should be on his guard against her, and took the peanut and went away-to a long, dully painful fight against a love he was determined should not conquer him and wreck

With such determination as Clifford Kenneth took to his task, men and women invariably succeed in their efforts. And he was no exception. It took hard fighting, and resolute endurance, and stubbornness not to give up to the pleadings of heart against head; and at length he came out victorious; at last he came to be able truthfully to say that it was best for him that he had had the discipline.

And just at this crisis of his life, when he had not seen Maud Eccles for nearly two years, nor even caught a glimpse of Chris-tie's golden hair, he was sent abroad by his firm on delicate, important business, that took him years from home and associations-s many years that when at length he returned to New York city he was a grave, matured man of forty, handsomer than even in young er days, and with a balance at his banker's that would have put to blush the fortune of the man for whom Maud Eccles had so cruelly thrown him aside fifteen years before.

He was thinking of it as he was being driven in his carriage to a reception one evenng, shortly after his arrival home, where, as wealthy, handsome and unmarried, he became

at once the rage. He was thinking of Maud Eccles, and won dering how she had fared, as men will think and wonder of women who once were dear to them; never once supposing that almost the first person he would see in Mrs. Castlemain's parlors would be Mrs. Henderson herself.

The contrast was vivid between them. He, in the full flush and glory of healthy, perfect nanhood, bearing the marks of culture and traveled ease so becomingly. She—fat to actual obesity, with a great double chin, and red, puffy cheeks, and a general look of misery and

But, it was Maud. The woman he had once loved—and he experienced an actual thrill of delight that he had escaped this mountain of flesh, as he took her big, perspiring hand.

"Is it possible, Mr. Kenneth! Really, I am

not surprised you almost fail to recognize me, but I've no difficulty in finding my old friend

Of course he had to say something about being delighted, and then—the very sweetest-faced girl he ever had seen in his life came up to him-a tall, slender girl with thoughtful yet joyous eyes, that were dark and beaming with exquisite golden hair brushed off a low. fair brow, a girl who never by any physical possibility could become such a man the lady beside them.

"I don't believe Mr. Kenneth remember me, Maud, and I attribute it entirely to the shocking way he once ate philopena with me, and then left me with no chance to redeem it. He turned eagerly toward her.

"It is Christie, my little pet whom I used to dance with, and kiss when I chose! Shall we begin where we left off, Miss Christie?" His glad admiration was all over his hand-

Christie laughed and flushed. "So far as the part first of the programme concerned I've not the least objection. They are playing a redowa now, Mr. Kenneth! Do you remember our last dance together?"

She took his arm as they went off to the music-roo 'Have I forgotten it? Or how you told me you liked me afterward! It is to be hoped you will be as kind in your reward after this re

That delicate, shy little flush made her inexpressibly lovely, he thought, and he took her in his arms for the dance with a quickening of

his pulse and a thrill of delight he thought never to experience again. A fortnight later, he found her sauntering through her father's conservatory one evening was a most welcome guest to others than fair Christie.

'Come, let's talk, little Golden-hair-I used to call you Golden-hair, you remember?" She laughed, with her sweet face drooped away from him as one hand rested lightly on

"You have a most excellent memory, Mr. Kenneth! Suppose I tell you that I remember gravely telling you I wanted a doll-car riage for a philopena present, and actually cried a week when I found you had gone 'for good' and given me no opportunity to win it?" He pressed the round arm closely to him as they sauntered on-among the very aisles and dusky shades where he had told Maud he loved

"I remember perfectly every word my little girl pet ever said to me! Christie! I want her so say something else to me that I shall remember with thankfulness and joy all my life. Will she tell me she loves me? Darling! Daring! you promised me a present if I caught you—I have caught you in Cupid's meshes—I

want yourself, my sweet, my love !" A silence, while the fountain plashed silverly, and the pearly water trickled musically over the rocks; while two hearts were throb bing in fierce tumult of happiness.

And then Christie lifted her sweet face. 'Oh, Mr. Kenneth, it is too blessed to be true! I have always, always loved you, and if you will take me-He stopped her low words with kisses.

How Nice!-Ten years ago a handsome youn man passed through Monticello, Ky., and was noticed by a young girl, sitting at the window of the most aristocratic house of the town. of the most aristocratic house of the town. She fell in love with him at first sight. She had wealth, culture and beauty. He was poor, wealth, culture and beauty. He was poor, and was then on his way to seek fortune as a cattle-herder in Texas. After many ups and downs, he found himself the owner of a silver mine in New Mexico. The girl bloomed into a rarely beautiful woman. She learned who the anconscious object of her fancy was, and they corresponded throughout the tan years. She never wrote a word of her personal attractions or feelings. A few weeks ago he wrote her proposing marriage, and soon followed his letter to her me, where he saw her for the first time. centily they were married, and Miss Annie Berry, that was, learned, on reaching Silver City, that her husband, R. B. Metcalf, was the greatest capitalist in New Mexico.

ONLY A FLOWER.

BY ALBERT E. AVERY.

Nothing, no, nothing but leaves; Only a little earthly flower, Knowing no pain nor sorrow; Happy but for a single hour. Only a fairy casket, Filled with rich perfume,

Caring not that to-morrow All may be hidden in gloom. Nothing, no, nothing but leaves, Only looking my best; Midst the million of workers,

Only a welcome guest.
Only to bathe in sunshine,
For one short, sweet hour;
Then to die and wither—
Only a faded flower.

Oh, to be nothing but leaves, Brings never a sigh from me;
While I see tolling workers
From weariness never free.
Rather be nothing but leaves,
Than to gain a king's renown;
If only through work and worry,
I'm to wear a royal crown.

A Girl's Heart;

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

SPINNING THE DEVIL'S YARN. RACHEL came down-stairs looking so pale nd wan, the next morning, that even Mrs. Heathcliff grew solicitous.

"I fear you are not happy with us, my child," she said, speaking quite kindly. that is so, you have only to tell my husband. I know he would not detain you here against your wish."

It is not that," answered Rachel, eagerly 'indeed it is not." Grace was standing near, and a wicked smile curled her beautiful lips. But she said

Colonel Heathcliff, too, observed the change n Rachel, and his languid blue eyes grew strangely troubled in their expression as he fixed them upon her face.

You are losing your roses," he said, gently. "Is it I who am stealing them away from you?"

"Oh, no, no!" "What then? Is Fairlawn like a cage, that you beat your wings against its bars?" "No," she answered, softly. "I think I could be very happy here. I do not wish to go away while you need me." He laughed softly to himself, and said, after

a pause: "Then you will remain here forever; but you must not make yourself ill nursing me. I shall not permit that."

Then, beckoning his wife to approach, he "I am going to send you both out for a walk.

Take my word for it, you will come back refreshed. Mrs. Heathcliff bit her lip, and looked slightly displeased, but she instantly rung for

her hat and scarf. "My husband knows how to be very tyrannical, Miss Clyde," she said, with a forced laugh. "We might as well yield at

She moved toward the door, waiting for Rachel to follow. The girl arose with ex-

treme reluctance. She would much rather Mrs. Heathcliff was in a very gracious mood. She began talking glibly when they were once in the open air. She selected the most

public walks, and seemed determined to extract its full enjoyment from the beautiful Presently a man turned into the walk from ne of the side paths. H

toward them. Of course they had met scores of other men already during their brief ramble, but, somehow, this one excited Rachel's curiosity Mrs. Heathcliff was walking with her eyes

fixed upon the ground. Though the man was coming straight toward them, and walking in a hurried, nervous manner, calculated to excite suspicion, she took no notice of him until they came face to face.

Then she glanced up quickly, and came to a Her features grow consudden stand still. vulsed, and she bit her lip fiercely. Some spasm of pain or fear or anguish seemed to shake her whole body.

'You ?" she cried out, sharply. The exclamation was involuntary-wrung from her in the surprise and confusion of the oment. The man shrugged and smiled.
"Yes, Mrs. Heathcliff," he replied, calmly.

You were not expecting me?" She rallied a little, stepped forward, and laid ner hand on his arm.

"Tell me, Edward Dent," she demanded, what brings you here?" He hesitated, glancing back at Rachel—a glance in which admiration and curiosity were singularly blended.

This young lady is a stranger to me, Mrs. Heathcliff. Excuse me if I am not communi cative in her presence." These words were spoken in a suppressed

voice. But softly as they were uttered, Rachel caught them distinctly. She looked fixedly at the man a moment, then a shiver shook her frame. He was a great, loutish, ungainly fellow,

with ridiculously long limbs, a thin, dark face, and a pair of small, twinkling, deep-set eyes, that burned under their bushy black brows like globes of fire. Rachel shrunk from him with an instinctive feeling of re-Mrs. Heathcliff had seen the man's admir

ing look, as well as the look with which Rachel answered it. She smiled softly to herself, and

"Mr. Dent, pray allow me to present my young friend and protege, Miss Rachel The man started perceptibly.

Mrs. Heatheliff a quick glance, as if to assure himself she was not trifling with him. Then he doffed his hat somewhat awkwardly "I'm sure this is a pleasure, miss," stammered he. "It's always pleasant to meet anybody so young and beautiful. Besides, I knew

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Heatholiff, sharply. She stepped quickly between the two "Rachel," she added, speaking in a tone of

suppressed excitement, "I think we have walked far enough. Shall we turn back!" you please, madam. "I do please. I'm tired and out of sorts.

couldn't go a step further." She turned, snatching Rachel's hand as she did so, and literally dragging her along the path by which they had come.

Two or three long strides brought the man she had called Edward Dent to her side again. He looked down at her with a disagree-

"This is not the way old friends should meet or part, Mrs. Heathcliff," and he grinned, sarcastically. She drew a quick breath, growing quite pale

with anger and terror. "Forgive me," she faltered. "I am not

"Humph! Perhaps you are well enough to invite me to Fairlawn. To Fairlawn?"

"Yes, I am anxious to quarter myself there for the present. Nay, don't make any apologies. I am quite ready to take up with such ecommodations as you have to offer. He ended with another of those disagreeable

Mrs. Heatheliff shook from head to foot. But, with a strength of will worthy a better cause, she turned, after a brief silence, saying graciously; "Of course you are very welcome. Pardon me for not having offered the hospitalities of

Fairlawn sooner. Then she fell back a little, signing for him to follow her example. The instant Rachel had passed beyond the reach of their voices

she said, between her shut teeth: "What do you mean by coming here, and forcing yours If upon us?" "I came," he answered, with a sneer, "be cause it was my pleasure, and because a cer

tain person in whom we are both interested i lurking somewhere in this neighborhood. Mrs. Heathcliff started, stared wildly, and cried, with a shiver in her voice. Impossible! He is not here?"

"I have every reason to believe that he is. He disappeared suddenly from his old haunts, at least, and we could find no trace of him.' "Would he dare come this way?"

"He would dare anything. Such another reckless devil I never saw. Of course I saw the necessity of following him.

"Of course," she echoed, and then relapsed "As to forcing myself upon you," he added. presently, "to whom could I go in this emer

ency, save to my very dear friend, Mrs. She suddenly clasped her fingers over her

My husband," she murmured. "What shall I say to him? How explain your presence in the house?" 'Humph! That is your concern. You can

say I am some relative, if you wish. I shall not contradict you." She hesitated, gave him a quick, half-imploring glance, and finally said:
"Why will you go to Fairlawn? There are

notels in the neighborhood. You might stop at one of those. "I would rather not,' he answered, shrugging—an odd light coming into his flashing black eyes. "I have a reason for wishing to emain underneath your roof."

"What reason?" His glance swept forward, rested upon Rachel's trim, elegant figure an instant, and then he replied:

Mrs. Heathcliff started as if she had been struck. She stared stupidly at him. mpossible!"

"It is true," he said, coolly. "I don't wonder you are surprised. It's a case of love at first sight. Such things do happen, even at my time of life. Miss Clyde is pretty as a picture. I'm really quite smitten with her.'

He was dead in earnest—there could be no doubt of that. Mrs. Heathcliff looked thought-She clasped and unclasped her hands several times, in a nervous manner. At last she turned to her companion with an expression of unmistakable relief upon her face.
"Good!" she exclaimed. "I believe I'm

glad you have taken a fancy to the girl. will save me a world of trouble, perhaps, for I know you will never dare to play me false.

"Shall I?" he laughed. "Perhaps she will not marry me." "She shall be made to marry you," answered Mrs. Heathcliff, compressing her thin lips

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HEART'S CRY.

MR. EDWARD DENT was installed at Fairlawn as an honored guest. Colonel Heathcliff made no attempt to conceal his surprise at the visit, but he treated him with uniform courtesy and politeness You will find Edward very eccentric,

Mrs. Heathcliff had said to her husband, at the outset. "But I know you will be kind to him for my sake. Certainly," the colonel made answer. You say he is a relative?" She hesitated, flushed a little, and replied:

"A cousin, on my mother's side."
"I never heard you speak of him." I used to see him sometimes, when a

child. But we had not met for many years. I had almost forgotten him. Colonel Heathcliff looked thoughtful. "I hope he has not degenerated any in all

these years," he said, after a pause. "I don't know. I can only tell you that he is very rich. He seems to have made money He may leave it all to Grace if we

are kind to him.'

'True, my dear. You may rest assured I shall do nothing to blast Grace's hopes in that direction.' And so Mr. Edward Dent, in spite of his

innate coarseness and vulgarity, and the sus-picious suddenness of his appearance among them, became domiciled in the household. Perhaps Rachel was the only person who really suffered because of his presence in the But his manner toward herself filled

her with alarm and uneasiness. He rarely sought the chamber where Colonel Heathcliff still lay, rapidly recovering from his bruises. But the girl could not stip outside the sacred precincts of that room with-

out encountering him.

He followed her into the garden, if she went there for a breath of fresh air or a little exercise. If she sought the music-room, he was by her side in an instant. In the spacious parlors she could never be free from the an-

ovance of his presence. The nature of his attentions could scarcely be mistaken. He was ludicrously devoted and loverlike, considering the shortness of their acquaintance. Rachel was not even civil to him, for she would not conceal the disgust and He drew back and waited. abhorrence he inspired.

The girl would have been very unhappy but for the pleasure she experienced in Colonel Heathcliff's society and attending upon his Dr. Tremaine came to Fairlawn frequent-

y. But a strange coldness had crept into his manner toward Rachel. He manifested a reluctance to seek her society that cut her to her gaze.

One day he came in and found her alone in the drawing-room. With ordinary politeness, he could do no less than linger to say a few words to her. In the midst of their conversation the door was thrust open, and Mr. Dent looked in.

Ah!" he said, frowning a little, at sight of Dr. Tremaine. "You are engaged, Miss Clyde? I have something particular to say to

His manner gave emphasis to his words. He advanced slowly into the apartment. Rachel grew very white, and clung involuntarily to the arm of her companion.

"Take me away," she whispered. "To the garden—anywhere—so that we escape that man!

Dr. Tremaine's arm slid about her waist. He led her toward the door, looking very stern and resolute.

"Let us pass, if you please," he said, for Mr. Dent had halted directly in their way.

The man hesitated an instant. Something of rage and hatred mingled in the dark vil-

lainy of his countenance. But he caught the sudden fire that leaped into Dr. Tremaine's eyes, and wisely drew back.
"Certainly, sir," he said, with an awkward bow. "I did not know you were going

"We are." He knitted his brow, and returned, speaking

in a very low voice: "I must beg an interview with Miss Clyde when she is at liberty.'

Dr. Tremaine passed out, making no response. He led Rachel to the conservatory. The door stood open, and she looked so white and frightened that he dared take her no fur-"You are ill," he said, gently, drawing up a stool in the shadow of the vines.

ill wait here until you are better. Or do you wish me to summon assistance?" 'No, no," she answered, hastily. "Don't eave me.

She was shaking from head to foot. After a little she grew calmer.

"I know you think me very foolish," she nurmured, with a faint smile. "Nothing ails I was only frightened." "Mr. Dent frightened you?" "Yes," she answered, reluctantly.

"You do not like that man?" he went on, giving her a swift glance.
She shuddered, and slowly shook her head. "I am glad of that," and a strange earnestness seemed to creep into his manner. "I have been watching him, Miss Clyde. I am sure he cannot be trusted. I would be very

He stopped abruptly, moved away a few steps, and presently came back again.
"Would to heaven, Rachel," he cried out, in ierce, eager voice, "that I had the right to

orry if you were to make a friend of him.

shield you!" The words seemed to have been wrung from him in the anguish and delirium of the moment. He had paused before her with his rleaming eyes fixed upon her face, his own handsome features being strangely convulsed. Rachel started. A flush swept up to her

emples. She put out her hands deprecating-"Oh, Dr. Tremaine!" she faltered. Her voice failed her with these words. She clasped her hands over her brow, glaring at him wildly, and seeming to shrink within herself as if pained or shocked by what had hap-

It was only the natural action of a purehearted girl, under the circumstances. She thought she had been bold, unmaidenly. It suddenly occurred to her that she had brought about this interview—Dr. Tremaine had not

Perhaps his great pity was prompting the ords he uttered! She felt stunned, humiliated. She could not speak, but she moved slightly away from

A bitter smile curled Dr. Tremaine's handome lip as he observed the action. Of course he entirely misapprehended her motive.

"Forgive me," he said, looking very pale, and speaking rapidly. "I have no right to and speaking rapidly. "I have no right to pain you. I will not. My secret shall lie buried in my heart, where it has lain for many days already.' She glanced up at him at that. How white

and miserable he looked! Oh, if she only

could-if she only dared tell him what was passing in her heart! But, her lips were dumb. She moved, noaned, but that was all. "I think I was mad for one brief moment," "I had seen that villain's persee went on. cutions, and longed to shield you. I could not see you suffer. But I knew, all the time, you

riven to another." She started, stared more wildly than before, and suddenly recovered her voice. "Another?" she gasped. "Forgive me for having surprised your se-

ould never love me—that your affections were

eret," he said. "It was the result of accident. "What do you mean?" He looked fixedly at her a moment, and then made answer:

"This love of which I spoke. I think you have reasons for keeping it a secret."

She began to comprehend what he meant. A sudden flame swept over her face, and then receded, leaving it pale and cold. She at with her hands locked in her lap, in a man-

ner that told of suppressed passion God help me," she murmured. He stooped over her suddenly. His lips ouched her hair. "Got help you, and God bless you!" he ex-

laimed. He turned, moving slowly toward the door. Rachel glanced after him, piteously, helplessly -a glance that must have broken down all parriers, had he only seen it.

But he did not. He moved further and further away Another moment, and the door would have been closed between them. Rachel could bear the anguish of parting no onger. She flung out her hands wildly.

'Come back-come back!" she faltered. "I shall die if you leave me. Come back, and I will tell you all!" The words did not reach his ears, but he caught the murmur of her voice. He hesitated,

turned, and darted to her side. "Oh, my darling," he whispered, "I cannot eave you!" He stooped as if to gather her into his arms.

A soft, gliding footstep, and the sharp rustling of silk, reached his ears at the same moment. The door opened quickly, and Grace Atherton came gliding into the conservatory.

CHAPTER IX. THE BAFFLED BEAUTY. GRACE paused near the threshold, evidently

startled by the unexpected tableau that met The rich color forsook lip and cheek. She

clenched her teeth involuntarily. It was impossible to mistake the meaning of that scene. For an instant she leaned giddily against the wall, with the mask torn utterly from her pal-

lid face, and her secret soul laid bare.

Then she rallied. Forcing a smile to her lips she advanced a little further into the conservatory

Around her was fragrance and beauty and riotous bloom; green vines trailing from pillars and arches; flowers bursting into gorgeous bloom, with the summer sunlight lying warm and golden over all.

She could never bear the sight of flowers afterwarl, and some odors turned her sick.
"Pardon me," she said, softly. "I thought the conservatory was deserted.

Dr. Tremaine held out his hand. I came to make my customary call, Miss

Atherton," he said, with grave dignity. am glad to have met you." She bowed in acknowledgment, looked hard

at Rachel, who sat pale and quivering in the shadow of an oleander, and knitted her brows as if at a loss whether to go or stay. Rachel saved her the trouble of a decision by rising abruptly, and moving away with a slow

uncertain step.
Grace called after her:

Mr. Dent is waiting for you You will find him in the front parlor. I promised to send you to him.'

Rachel's reply was inarticulate. She closed the door and fled across the hall and up the stairs, never pausing to take breath until she had reached her own room, and the door was securely locked against all intruders.

Then she flung herself on the couch sobbing

and wringing her hands as if her very heart would break.

"It is all over," she moaned. "Dr. Tremaine will think me cold and ungrateful, and oh, my heart is bursting with the wretchedness

She scarcely thought of Mr. Dent, except to wonder how she could best avoid him. Grace, meanwhile, was standing under

delicate arch of vines, covertly scanning Dr. Tremaine's grave face, and idly pulling a rose to pieces.

She was wondering just how far his wooing had gone, and what had been the result of it. "Rachel seems wonderfully favored," she said, presently, forcing a light laugh. "It would astonish you to learn how many are bowing at her shrine."

'ndeed!" he answered, coldly. 'Yes. Mr. Dent is quite infatuated. He follows her like a shadow. And even papa Heathcliff thinks her incomparable."

She paused for a reply, but as none came 'You are as familiar as I am with the events of that night when she met the stranger in the garden. Of course he was a lover. I won-

der, Dr. Tremaine," lifting her eyes with an arch, penetrating glance, "if you will not be the next victim. He smiled and shrugged. Forewarned is forearmed," Miss Ather-

ton. She bit her lip. This was scarcely the an-

swer she had expected. "I hope you don't think I am warning you against Miss Clyde?" she exclaimed. "Oh, no," with another shrug, that puzzled

her more than the first had done.
"It was only an unlucky jest. Forget it.
I admire Rachel quite as much as anybody else

Then she changed the subject abruptly, and fell to talking of other things. But Dr. Tremaine did not linger many minutes. Though woman of rare beauty and fascination, she

had not the power to hold him at her side. She felt this, and stood, fairly livid with rage, by the hall window, watching his de-"Has it come to this?" she hissed, through

her close-set teeth. "Have I really given my heart, with all its richness of affection, un-It was a terrible reflection for the haughty

Suddenly a step stirred beside her. Looking round, she met Mr. Dent's thin, sneering fac bent close to her own.

"It isn't pleasant to love, and love in vain. he said, smiling disagreeably.

She retreated a step or two, flashing him a haughty glance. Do you speak from your own experience.

Mr. Dent?" Perhaps," he answered, biting an angry lip. "Let us con lote with each." Excuse me, I have no occasion." Let us con lole with each other.

He laughed aloud. "Excuse me, Miss Atherton; but I happen to know better. Sir!" she cried, with a stamp, and gleam-

He stood before her quite still, but with a cruel smile upon his lips. He seemed nowise

daunted by her anger. Compose yourself, my dear It is no of the slightest use to fall into a passion with She gasped for breath. "Insolent!" she

exclaimed "How dare you? I hall tell papa Heathcliff. He will order you from the "Take my advice, and speak to your mo

ther in the first place. I will leave Fair-lawn any moment that she sees fit to dismiss His coolness exasperated her. It was the coolness of conscious power. And there was

something alarming in his words themselves. had half suspected that he had some hold upon her mother. Now she was sure She tried to compose herself; but her face

was white, and she trembled a little. It seemed terrible to be at the mercy of this coarse cruel man. Tell me what you mean by following me here?" she demanded.

His eyes fixed themselves upon her face in sharp close scrutiny. "To condole with you. I knew the state of your affections; and I wished to give you an

"What assurance?" "Dr. Tremaine will never marry Rachel Clyde.

She started; to her wild stare he replied with a low laugh. Who is to prevent it?" she asked.

"I am." How?"

"She went up-stairs, I think."

"Could you send her to me?"

You will know soon enough. Only be assured that have spoken well."

"That is my secret. Ask me no questions.

He turned slowly, moved to a little distance, and then came back again. 'Where is Rachel?" he demanded.

"I doubt if she would come." He looked down at her, frowning darkly,

At last he burst into a hoarse laugh. Rachel has a will of her own,"

spirit. I can bide my time." Grace shivered with a chill, but finally found

voice to ask: "What will you do?"

"Marry the girl myself, and so take her out of harm's way for good."

He rubbed the palms of his hands together, chuckling softly to himself, as he said this. Grace felt the very blood in her veins run cold, he looked so dark, stern, diabolical—a very Lucifer. His presence made her nervous. She could

endure it no longer. Turning, she fled swiftly up the stairs.

"Heaven pity poor Rachel if she falls into at man's clutches," she murmured, her heart dainfully. "I have resided at Alleghan and upon dainfully. "I have resided at Alleghan and upon that man's clutches," she murmured, her heart melting in momentary pity. (To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

L'ENNUYEE.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

They are springing by the brook-side, They are springing on the hill; The daisies, and the buttercups, And the yellow daffodil.

It were a pleasant thing to see The roving wild bee pass, And the golden-winged butterfly Skim o'er the waving grass— And to hear the merry blackbird

Amid the branches sing, And the many, many gladsome tones The morning breezes bring.

Lament'st thou not, kind neighbor tree, The day they placed thee here? Where the very rain falls heated Through the pent-up atmosphere—

Where the only living thing that pipes These close-built walls among. Is the the lonely, caged canary-bird At yonder casement hung.

Thy brethren of the greenwood, Ere our dawn is well begun, Lift up their shining, dewy leaves To greet the morning sun; But we may watch his rising All wistfully, in vain, Till he peeps above the chimney-tops, And glances on the pane.

I am panting, like the weary hart, For bright and flowing streams, And the pastures where I wander In my pleasant, pleasant dreams

And the green tree rustled then its leaves, And softly seemed to say, "I shade the good man's dwelling Through the long, long summer day.

"I know the flowers are springing On the grassy hillside fair, Where my brethren wave their idle limbs In the blossom-scented air;

'But the good man sits beneath my leaves, And wipes his heated brow, And blesses oft the cooling shade Of my o'erhanging bough.

"He will prop with care my aged trunk, He ill miss me when I fall— Had I lived a selfish forest life I had ne'er been missed at all."

I heed thy kind reproving, Thou wise and useful tree So may I unrepining fill The lot appointed me.

The Giant Rifleman:

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions

BY OLL COOMES. AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII-CONTINUED.

"Nowadays," continued Spencer, "we all go well-armed. You can scarcely find a man, red or white, saint or sinner, but what carries a rer or rifle.

"It seems to me, that if the proper steps are aken, you can rid your country of this assassin; of the—" of the material world could elude rou always."

"Very true, Mr. Earl; but you know not with him! Oh, Lord, captain!"

And the man shook in the saddle as if with an

Such an air of mystery enshrouds this assassin that it has filled nearly every man with superstitious fear. A man may be brave and outspo-ken in the sunlight; but let him step into the shadows of the woods alone where his own footfalls sound ghostly, and you will see his eyes dilate, his form assume a position of stealth and caution, and his head bend in an attitude of intense listening. Yes, Mr. Earl, shadows are the lurking place of danger—darkness the home of Doorth.

Mr. Earl felt the force of his companion's asretion, and for awhile remained silent.

They rode on and finally arrived at the Points.

Mr. Earl did not stop, but pursued his home-

vard journey.

Captain Spencer dismounted, ordered his norse stabled, and then entered the bar of the

Free Pitch Inn.

look upon his face, entered the room and depo-sited a leather bag upon the counter of the post-office department. This man was Gershom Bland, the Quaker mail-carrier to Barkepolis. "Ho, Gershom, my good man!" exclaimed the captain; "I am really glad to meet you."

plied Gershom, with a bland smile.

"Yes, I am feeling better," returned the lumberman, "for you know our bear-hunt terminated rather disastrously. I hope the next hunt I go on will be for that infernal marksman that killed Kruger."

"Ah, me," sighed Gershom, "I wish thee could make peace with the Unknown Marksman."

If I ever git my eyes on him I'll make peace

I know it is, on general principles, Gershom; Obed the Mennonite.

but since you are feeling fatigued and warm, I assure you it will do you good."

"Art thee morally certain of what thee says?"

asked Gershom, glancing at the brimming glasses as if arguing a point in his mind.

"I know it, Gershom," answered Spencer.

"Then, peradventure, I will taste of the ungodly stuff with thee, that I may be better acquainted with its nature so as to warn others,"

With a sly wilk at Sandy Gray Cartein. quainted with its nature so as to warn others."
With a sly wink at Sandy Gray, Captain
Spencer passed the Quaker a glass of wisky.
The latter received it with an unctuous smile,
placed the glass to his lips, and with an evident
groan of distress, drank the whole at a single

wiping his lips, and turning away; "'it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' Ay,

ed. "No matter. I admire a woman of here comes friend Obed Smiley, a teacher of Mennonite faith, whose scruples are very strict. Friend Obed, I greet thee with good wishes."
"Joy to thee, friend Gershom," was the reply of the Mennonite teacher, as he entered the room

of the Mennonte teacher, as ne entered the room and stood his gun on the floor, then extended his broad palm to the Quaker.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Spencer. "I notice, Obed, that you and Gershom meet here frequently to have a social time. Who says Sunday-school folks don't like their toddy!"

"We culture sociability," replied Obed, avoiding the captain's eyes as though he feared them; "it is a religious duty we take a pride in. Peace on earth and good will to men is our beacon light."

"But don't you seek a little of that peace in a quiet, bumper?" questioned the lumberman.

the frontier long years, and have yet to look on wine when it is red."
"But you seem to lose sight of one religious scruple in your close adherence to another. Does not your faith disapprove of violence and

Does not your faith disapprove of violence and bearing arms?"

"It does, friend Spencer; but I carry a gun for self-protection, and use it then only when moral sussion fails in its good power. Moreover, it has been decreed by the people as advisable for all to go armed to protect himself from that stealthy foe who respects no color—no religion—no sex, the Unknown Marksman. But I have never had occasion to raise my gun against man or beast."

"Amen," exclaimed Gershom, in a lugubrious tone.

tone.
"You're mistaken, Obed; the marksman has never killed a woman nor a Quaker," said Spen-

cer.
"So much to his credit," added Obed.
"Wal, boys," chimed in Sandy Gray, "you
may stick to yer faith clus as a leech; but, mind
what I tells ye, old Sandy 'll shoot whenever
he gits a chance—yes, thank ye, and I'll drink

too."

The lumberman had ordered drinks for four and invited Sandy, Gershom and Obed to par-

"Verily, friend Spencer," said Gershom, "I have already pronounced my aversion to the abominable stuff, and so I must refuse thee on "Amen!" shouted Obed.
"Obed," said the captain, "you say you cultivate sociability; now, wherein would there be any harm in you Christians taking a glass with Sandy and I? Do you wish to cut my friendship

by refusing?"
"Not at all, friend Spencer," replied Obed,
"but even if I were so predisposed, a feeling
akin to a violent cramp in the stomach would

akin to a violent cramp in the stomach would prevent my drinking."

"There's nothing in the world better for colic than just whisky," said Spencer.

"No, nothing," affirmed Phil Strahl.

"Nothing, eh?" asked Obed, in surprise; "then I will take a measure to try its medicinal properties, for I suffer a great deal with cramps in the stomach."

"And verily, it is a wise old saw that says, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of

'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," said the Quaker, advancing to the bar: "and, peradventure, I will try the virtue in the sinful stuff in counteracting the influence of the malaria along my route."

And so the four took the glasses and lifted

And so the four took the glasses and lifted them to their lips. The Mennonite sipped at his and grimaced as though it were liquid torture; while the Quaker closed his eyes, tipped the glass, and let the liquor run down his throat with apparent delight.

As they replaced the glasses on the counter, Gershom said:

Sinful stuff—the beverage of Satan. What "Smrui stun—the beverage of Satah. What say thee, friend Obed?"
"Amen," was the solemn response.
At this juncture the inmates of the Free Pitch Inn were startled by a horseman, who dashed up to the door of the tavern, hatless and terrified—his horse covered with foam and panting with exhaustion.

with exhaustion.

"My God, Jubal Osgood!" exclaimed Captain Spencer, rushing out into the yard; "what's wrong? What's the matter, man?"

"Captain," the man fairly gasped, as he sat half turned in the saddle, gazing back along the route he had come as if fearing pursuit, "Joe Wiltz is dead! He—he was shot dead at my side, as we were coming down the road, by that Unknown Marksman! And that's not all: I saw that dreaded being—that terrible scource. "It seems to me, that if the proper steps are aken, you can rid your country of this assassin; or nothing of the material world could elude of the "What, you saw—"

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HE COMES!"—THE DREAD UNKNOWN!

An hour after Jubal Osgood arrived with the startling news of Joe Wiltz's death at the hands of the Unknown Marksman, fifty or more persons had assembled at the Five Points. Nearly half of Spencer's men were there—the rest of the crowd being composed of a few French Canadians from Bertraw's camp, and a few whites and Indians from Alleghan, who had come to witness the sports of the day.

But the foot-racing was entirely lost sight of in the excitement that prevailed over the death of Wiltz, and the presence of that unknown scourge so close to the Points.

Jubal Osgood, for the time being, became the chief center of attraction. He was importuned

chief center of attraction. He was importuned

There were none present but the innkeeper, for it was still early morn.

The two at once entered into an animated conversation which lasted some minutes, when it was interrupted by the entrance of a man carrying a long-barreled rifle and a leather pouch.

This new-comer was Sandy Gray, the mail-carrier, who was greeted by Captain Spencer with an invitation to walk up to the bar and rounder. Sandy having no objection to a dram, readily accepted; and stepping up to the bar, drank to the captain's health. This was frequently repeated, the captain always taking a double draught; so that in a short time he began to feel the effects of it.

Presently another individual, wearing a meek Presently another individual, wearing a meek skeered and bounded away, and seeing I could do poor Joe no good, I put sour to 'scape a similar death. I'd not ridden over fifty yards when a man, with the smoke still curlin' from the muzzle of his gun, issued from the woods and stopped by the roadside. And such a man! "The seems in a better humor than when thee were in Pokahgan's camp the other night," replied Gershom, with a bland smile.

"The was an inch, and seemed to be raising higher and higher like the head of a serpent. His beard was half as long as himself, and his eyes, I know, were as big as my fist, and glowed like balls of fire as they glared at me. I tell ye, boys, I never saw such a human being. I don't b'lieve he is a man, but some devilish monster that'll kill us all. This, gentlemen, is what I, Jubal Osgood, saw with my own eyes; and you know now what the Unknown Marksman is."

""Yeverly" "said Garshon Bland who had lise."

"Verily," said Gershom Bland, who had listened with ears and mouth open, "friend Os-

with him, now mind,"
"Thee are of a sinful nature, friend Spencer."
"I can't help it, Gershom; but say, come up here and be comforted, won't you?"
"Verily, captain, it is against my principle to partake of liquor."
"I know it is on general principles Gershom:
"I know it is on general principles Gershom:
"Althue are of a sinful nature, friend Spencer."
"Nothing but a monster could kill and slay innocent people," added Sandy Gray, laying considerable emphasis upon his words.

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"Alt the are of a sinful nature, friend Spencer."
"Nothing but a monster could kill and slay innocent people," added Sandy Gray, laying considerable emphasis upon his words.

"The speaks truly, friend Obed," responded Gershom, "but with perseverance thee may sail through to the harbor of eternal peace. But then I must confess fears of this ungodly assassin, since he was seen upon my route to-

Men." shouted Spencer, "let us not stand idle here; surely fifty men are not afraid to face one! Let us divide up into about a dozen parties and beat the woods of Michigan through Spencer passed the Quaker a glass of woists, and through but what we get this lurking assasfile latter received it with an unctuous smile,
placed the glass to his lips, and with an evident
groun of distress, drank the whole at a single
groun of distress, drank the whole at a single
grup.

"Verily, it is abominable stuff," he said,
wijning his lips and turning a war, "it is the said,
which a tash beat the woods of intending a stant through the woods of intending assassin. Not one of us will be safe so long as he is
permitted to run at large. I am ready to sacrice my life, if need be, in ridding the country
of mis unnatural monster. If there is a man
here who refuses to join in the hunt, let him step
in the distribution of admiration for his fine physique, nor gentle,
yet many and innocent face.

The stranger was armed with a fine-looking
rifle, which he carried in the lollow of his arm.
here who refuses to join in the hunt, let him step

pushing his way through the crowd and con-fronting the captain, "thee knows my religious principles; but should the Unknown Marksman meet me on my route perchanged." meet me on my route, perchance he would not respect a mail-carrier any more than a lumberman; nor hesitate to shoot a Friend any more than a sinner; therefore I will give thee the presence of my company, at least, in the search for the abominable creature; and peradventure will law richest hands on the monster should it will lay violent hands on the monster should it

become necessary."

"That's the talk, Gershom:" answered Spencer; then turning to the crowd, he asked: "Does any one know whether Running Deer, the Chippewa, is here or not?"

He was answered by a voice in the affirmative, and the next moment the straight, lithe form of the Chippewa advanced through the carbide moving with the cat-like grace and

crowd—moving with the cat-like grace and agility of the panther. In the hollow of his left arm he carried his double-barreled rifle; while arm he carried his double-barreled rifle; while under his right arm hung his mail-pouch. As he approached the captain, he fixed a look upon that worthy that caused him to fairly wince. Spencer never had any particular love for this incelligent and honorable young Indian, and his dislike had finally turned to fear. He believed he was as treacherous as he was subtle and cunning, yet he knew that he had no superior in all Michigan as a scout and hunter, and as their dread of the Unknown Marksman was a mutual one, he felt certain that the Indian would be worth a dozen common men on the enemy's trail.

"Running Deer," he said, addressing the young Indian, "if ever the skill of a good scout was required it is now; and to you we are all willing to concede that honor. Will you accept of the position of general scout in the great search we are about to make for the Unknown Marksman?"

"Running Deer is no coward; he is willing to do anything for his friends," replied the young mail-carrier, addressing his words to the crowd, as if he disdained speaking to Spen-

the crowd, as if he disdained speaking to Spencer.

"Then I would suggest," said the captain, assuming the right to speak as leader of the party, "that you go with Osgood to the point where the assassin was seen, and see which direction he took; with this information gained, men can be deployed through the woods to surround him Meanwhile, a party had better go along and oring in poor Wiltz' body before the wolverines attack it."

With a grim, stoical smile Running Deer signified his willingness to begin the work assigned him, and, accompanied by Osgood, and four others with litters, he set off up the river.

In the mean time Captain Spencer began per-

In the mean time Captain Spencer began per-fecting arrangements for a general search by dividing the crowd up into parties of four, and

dividing the crowd up into parties of four, and drafting a plan of operation.

While thus engaged Running Deer and his companions came hurrying back toward the Points, apparently in great excitement.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the captain. "I wonder what is wrong now!"

"Verily, fear has seized upon the minds of those brave men," observed Gershom, in a tone slightly sarcastic.

"Til bet that's no ten men here that'll face that walkin' death-machine." exclaimed Sandy

that walkin' death-machine," exclaimed Sandy

Gray.
"What brings you back?" exclaimed Spencer. as the men hurriedly approached.

Osgood placed his fingers to his lips significant of silence. The man evinced great fear

and excitement.

A dead silence settled over the three-score of men, while three-score of eager, frightened faces looked nervously around them. Osgood, approaching the party, said, in a low, excited tone:
"He's comin' down the road!"

"Who's coming?" asked Spencer.
"The giant—the Unknown Marksman!"
A low cry of terror escaped every lip. A convulsive shudder passed over the assembly of armed, and hitherto boastful, men. Fear became plainly written upon nearly every face.

came plainly written upon nearly every face.

And why?

A man was coming down the road. They were soon to stand face to face with one of whom their very souls had become ingrained with fear. And this fear, engendered when each was alone, could not be dispelled now by the presence of superior numbers. Numerical power gave them no assurance of safety.

The scene was an interesting one: sixty men, apparently rooted with fear, stood still with futtering hearts, white, quivering lips, and fix-

futtering hearts, white, quivering lips, and fixed eyes, watching for the coming of—a single

Had the trumpet of the archangel heralded he coming of the Judgment Day the eyes of hat band could not have been more closely fixed upon the East for the coming of the Son of

Man.
Gershom Bland muttered something about the shedding of blood, and edged around to the rear of the crowd. His movements seemed to have created a sort of panic, for all the rest of the crowd became affected with a desire to fall back

Every man felt as though he would be the especial victim of the dreaded foe.

A bird, fluttering up from the bushes by the roadside, was noticed by those three-score pairs of watchful eyes.

Three-score pairs of listening ears imagined they could hear the massive tread of the approaching demon.

The top of a coon-skin cap was suddenly dis-

covered above the tops of the bushes where the road made a bend. But no wearer was yet "He comes!" whispered old Sandy, his teeth fairly chattering, and his eyes starting from

"And, good heavens! he is tall as them bushes—even taller than Osgood said—"
"There!" stammered Captain Spencer, with apparent terror; "look!—stand firm!—fall back!

apparent terror; "look!—stand firm!—tall back!—heavens!" and the captain seemed on the verge of flight.

The object of their fears had at last appeared in sight. He was a tall, powerful man whom their fears had magnified into a giant of Titan proportions.

With a firm, massive step the dread Unknown advanced toward the startled, huddling crowd

A silence reigned; but it was only the silence that precedes the fury of the storm. CHAPTER XIV.

"CRUCIFY HIM!"
THE advancing giant was a man in the very more and vigor of life; and could have been but little less than six feet and six inches in hight. He was as straight as an Indian, and carried himself in that firm, decisive and grace-ful manner of the lion in his native jungle. His form was clad in a hunter's garb of yellow buck-skin and velveteen highly ornamented—the whole fitting him so neatly as to display the con-tour of his broad hips, deep chest, wide shoul-ders and round muscular neck. A long brown ders and round, muscular neck. A long, brown beard reaching to his breast gave an additional look of wonderful power and strength to his general appearance; and all that could be con-ceived of the ferocity of a tiger, the assembly at the Five Points mentally declared the giant stranger the possessor of. But as he came near er more than one was astonished by the color and expression of his eyes. They were of a light blue with the meekness and innocence of a

To many the man's huge form would have dwindled away to that of a mere good-natured big boy in the light and expression of the wonderful eyes; but not so with the crowd of men gathered in front of the Free Pitch Inn. Their souls, or, at least, most of them, had been so long strangers to any of the nobler sentiments of the human heart, and their minds so steeled

t."
'Verily, friend Spencer," said Gershom, In his belt was a pair of large-sized revolvers and a sheathed hunting-knife.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," the stranger said, approaching the crowd, and addressing it in a clear, full tone, free from the terrors of a

Captain Spencer made a half-choked re-The big hunter appeared not a little sur-prised at the various faces fixed so curiously upon him, and the silence maintained by all. "A pleasant day, gentlemen," he remarked,

still advancing,
"Thee speaks the truth, stranger, though the
fact is obvious to us all," answered Gershom The crowd seemed to shrink from the approach of the stranger, who was not slow to note the

fact.

He knew not the terrible interest centered in him, but regarded their stare as the vulgar curiosity of the motley crowd. But it was such a persistent and unflinching stare that the man became greatly embarrassed by it; and without further words, he passed on, and, entering the grecery, called for a pound of gunpowder.

powder.
"What fur?" demanded Phil Strahl, the pro-prietor, his courage rallying; "to shoot down innocent people with?"

The giant's face flushed red, and those meek, mild eyes seemed to burn into the very soul of Phil Strahl, whose words appeared to have cut

him to the quick.
Phil's words, however, were heard at the door, and were followed by the flutter of feet, and the ominous murmur of excited voices.

"Kill him! shoot him! seize him!" shouted
a voice outside, and then the crowd grew

bolder.
"Crucify him! crucify him!" shouted Sandy

Gray.
"Peace! peace, friends," admonished Gershom
Bland; "let not thy hot heads lead thy hands
into violence."

"What means this rabble?" asked the big stranger of Phil Strahl.

"It means that you are their victim."

"Why, sir, am I treated thus? Can not an inoffensive stranger enter your house without insult?" "Ay, but you're not inoffensive, sir; your murderin' of innocent men has been discovered. You are the Unknown Marksman!" replied

Strahl The man, for the first time, evinced some uneasiness; though a faint, contemptuous smile wreathed his bearded lips.

"Gentlemen, if you really think so, all I ask is a fair hearing," he said, addressing those around him, "for I deny the charges preferred.' "He s'renders, and asks a fair trial," bellowed burly Phil Strahl, though every word cost him an effort.

'Gentlemen, I am astounded by this recep tion."
"You murdered Joe Wiltz, confound you,"
"You murdered Joe Wiltz, confound you," yelled Osgood, growing bold enough to shake a pistol in the stranger's face; "you can't deny

that, sir "Sir, I recognize you," replied the man; you are the coward that deserted your dead comrade when shot down in the road by an un-

"Yes, and you are the foe that killed him," replied Osgood, stung to the quick by the man's words.

"Then this is why I am treated thus? That man has told you I slew his comrade," said the stranger. "It is false—every word of it. I heard the report of the rifle, and stepped to the roadside to see what it meant. Just then that man rode past me, wild with terror."

"A very probable story, gentlemen, when I see'd the smoke comin' out of the muzzle of his gun," said Osgood, derisively.

"You saw no such thing. I have not fired my gun to-day," was the stranger's bold contradiction. "The load is in that I put there this morning." "Stranger," said Captain Spencer, assuming

"Stranger," said Captain Spencer, assuming his usual air of authority, "for nearly a year some murderous wretch has been wandering through the woods of the Black rivers, amusing himself by shooting down our citizens, and susoficion has fixed upon you as being that Un-mown Destroyer; therefore, we consider it our luty to arrest you upon the information of Jubal

Osgood."

"I shall offer no resistance; all I ask is a fair, impartial hearing," replied the hunter.

"You shall have it," answered the captain.

"You shall have it," answered, and his rifle The giant hunter was disarmed, and his rifle and other weapons closely examined. To the bitter regret of all, they found the former was a piece of heavy caliber; while his bullet-pouch and pockets disclosed nothing having the semiand pockets disclosed nothing having the semblance of a copper ball, large or small. Still the infuriated crowd did not despair of proving the giant guilty of being the terrible foe; and so a court was at once convened.

Phil Strahl, who made some pretensions to lead the strain of the fact of the strain of th

egal lore, from the fact of his being in posses-on of a copy of the postal-laws, donned the judicial ermine by the unanimous request of his friends, and took his seat under a tree in front of the inn, with all the formal dignity of a chief justice.

A jury of twelve men was impanneled without any of the usual formalities of selecting a

Captain Spencer was appointed by the court to prosecute the case.

Several men were sent out after Wiltz's body, and to measure the ground and make a note of all the alleged particulars of the situation of the prisoner and the victim at the time of the death. Of course, Osgood led the party, and when they returned he was the first witness placed upon the stand.

Nothing new was deduced from his evidence. He swore substantially to what he declared from the horse-block. He would admit of no doubt in his mind as to the author of Wiltz's death. He even swore that the rifle taken from the Captain Spencer was appointed by the court

He even swore that the rifle taken from the giant was not the same that he held when he passed him on the road. This caused no little commotion in the crowd and a score of men were at once dispatched in search of the concealed rifle. Meanwhile, the trial went on. Obed, the Mennonite, made the trial went on. the trial went on. Open, the Mennonite, made a statement as to the alleged position of the giant and his victim when Osgood saw him. He also gave his views as to the murder, but they had little bearing on the case. He would swear to nothing, for the Mennonite faith opposed the

taking of an oath.

With one or two other witnesses, the prosecution rested. The defendant had no evidence other than his own emphatic denial of the charges to offer; and even this was hooted at by taking of an oath.

After a long address by Captain Spencer, the case was given to the jury.

A deep silence and painful uncertainty took oossession of the crowd pending the deliberation of the jury. But it lasted only for a short when the jury returned with a verdict of

A grim smile of derision passed over the prioner's face as the foreman announced the A wild shout of triumph burst from three-

A what should of whather ourse from three-score of powerful lungs.

At this juncture Jubal Osgood was seen to stagger and reel as though drunk. A friend at his side caught him. A little pink spot appeared upon his forehead from which drops of blood oozed and chased each other down his face.

"My Cad!" gried Spenger, "he has been stain. "My God!" cried Spencer, "he has been slain shot by the murderer whom we felt we had in our power! Did any one hear the report of a

No one had, for the yells that rent the air at the time would have drowned the report of a canon. The echoes were still rebounding through the woods

How often, oh, mercy," cried Judge Strahl, have our shouts of joy got to turn to wails of

"nave our shouts of joy governments or your sorrow?"
"Verily, I say unto thee," said Gershom
Bland, "the wages of sin is death, and friend
Osgood has been slain for bearing false witness
against a brother. Perchance, it would be as
well for thee to release the big stranger that he

may help thee in thy search for the ungodly murderer. I now feel anxious that he be seized by violent hands since he lurks along the way I

Spencer at once acted upon the suggestion of the Quaker, and liberating the stranger, restored his arms and accounterments to him. He endea-vored to make an apology for the treatment he had been instrumental in giving the giant; and the latter accepting all very calmly, quietly replied:

replied:
"I am sorry that it has required such despe rate evidence to convince you of my entire in-nocence. I have heard of this Unknown Marks-man before I came into this vicinity; but always supposed it was a name applied to the Vigilance Committee of the lumber districts. My name is Goliah Strong, and at present I am serving as guide to three young men who follow the ocupation of bee-hunters, and who are encamped near Spirit Rapids. I never did aught of which I am ashamed; but if this Unknown Marksman is not your vigilants as I supposed he was then is not your vigilante, as I supposed he was, then there is some cause for his haunting you people like an avenging Nemesis. There is no human so deprayed as to scout the woods and shoot men down for the mere love of murder. There is something back of all this silent death-work. The Unknown Marksmen you will find yet is

The Unknown Marksman, you will find yet, is an avenger; at least, this is my opinion."

"Amen," was Gershom Bland's solemn indorsement of the big hunter's words.

"Thee speaks like a Christian and philosopher, friend Strong," said Obed Smiley, with an unctuous acquiescence. tuous acquiescence.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," said Sandy Gray, in a strange tone, intended to be

Goliah Strong, the giant hunter, was permit-ted to depart in peace; and soon after the Five Points were deserted by those who had assem-bled to take part in the races and sports of the

Some went in search of the Unknown Destroyer, and some went home. Gershom Bland, Sandy Gray and Running Deer, each departed for his respective settlement with the mail; and Phil Strahl now found himself alone with the terrified members of his household.

Outside all was now silent save the ominous creaking of the great sign-board, and the cold.

creaking of the great sign-board, and the cold, stiff rustling of the pines like the robes of the

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

BY THE STILL WATERS."

Don't you hear the hickory crackling?
Muffled like, and soft, and low;
Sounds just like an army tramping,
Only it's a sign of snow.
Here s a cinder smoldering, burning,
Droppin' ashes, powerful the;
Don't be frightened, little missis,
It's a coffin, but it's mine.

Let me see the balm o' Gilead,
Wavin' by the cabin do,
I won't hear its leaves a-rustlin'
In the spring, my child, no mo';
Maybe I won't hear de bluebird
Singin in de apple trees;
But I'll hear de angels singin',
Dey'll have sweeter songs than these.

Hark! is dat de thunder rolling?
See de forked lightning's gleam;
Many a time I ve soothed my baby
When de storma disturbed her dream.
Now de drum—I hear it beatin'
Slow and solemn-like for me;
Maybe it's de waves a-breakin'
On de shores of Galilee.

"Twon't be dark, de stars am shinin'
"Way above de storm and rain;
Dere'il be long protracted meetin's
Campin' on de heavenly plain.
Dere won't be no wailin', weepin'—
Dere won't be no day to part;
Christ will hear me when I knock dere,
He will bind de broken heart.

'Cross cold Jordan's troubled waters, Into Canaan's land I fly;
Dere de tree of life is bloomin',
All de hosts am passin' by.
Raise me up, i hear de rustlin',
Angels at de cabin do'; Don't you weep for poor ole mammy, She won't never grieve no mo'.

The Cretan Rover;

ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL,

A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLY ING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV. A STRANGE SCENE.

"AL SIRAT PASHA, you are my prisoner!"
The Turk started—he was confronted by Julian Delos.

Julian Delos.

"Your prisoner! Why, you but now came aboard this vessel. A fugitive from me, you sought safety here under the English flag."

"This vessel is mine. I repeat, you are my prisoner; your aide and men can return ashore, and let them report that Al Sirat Pasha has gone on a cruise—a cruise for the port of death."

The Turk at once threw himself upon the defensive, but his scimitar was at once struck from his grasp by Paul Malvern, who at the same time leveled a pistol at his heart. You see I am master here. Iron him, Stel-

Instantly the haughty Al Sirat Pasha, he whose command made armies tremble, found himself a manacled prisoner.

himself a manacled prisoner.

"Now, signor, you and your men go back to your boat would you save your lives."

The aide and the soldiers instantly turned to obey, seeing that resistance was useless.

But, suddenly Paul Malvern sprung forward, his face livid, his eyes ablaze, while he cried in tones that thrilled every one:

"No, no; not you. Archer Trevillian—not you! We have well met; into your boat, men, but your officers remain."

The man addressed as Archer Trevillian turned one gaze upon Paul Malvern, then his face became deathly white, his eyes started, and his form quivered; yet he could utter no word—fear evidently overpowered him.

fear evidently overpowered him.
"Iron him, Stellos! We need him, too, it seems," said Julian, grimly, and the order was

"At the bottom of the sea! How do I know what becomes of favorites who have lost favor in my sight?"

And the father—the gallant Cretan, El Es--where is he?"
Ask yonder ruin; it may tell the secret."
No, no, Turk! Here is one to tell the se-

cret."
All started at the strange voice, and suddenly the mysterious, white-clad woman glided before the Moslem chief.
Then her vail was thrown aside, and with a cry of horror upon his lips Al Strat started back,

cry of horror upon his lips Al Strat started back, crying;

"Holy Mahomet! Alfarida! Does the sea give up its dead?"

"Ha, ha, ha, Al Sirat—I am she who was once thy favorite, who ruled you by love's fetters—now, I am the being who has haunted youder ruin for these long years. You tired of me because the fair Greek, Photine, crossed your path—you tired of me, and sent me forth one night on the Bosphorus to die; but he whom you made executioner was merciful—he spared me, and I came hither—came hither with the twin deformities you also sentenced to death, because their hideousness offended your handsome dark eyes—to this isle we came, and in yonder ruin, near my girlhood's home, have we lived—lived as the phantoms of an old crumbling temple.

"Ay, there I lived, and night after night, when the moon shone brightly, did my poor, forsaken husband come thither and commune with his sorrows. Often could I have touched him; but I would not—no, I was a poor, polluted thing—polluted by thy touch.

"But one night he came, and on the very spot.

with his sorrows. Orten could I have touched him; but I would not—no, I was a poor, polluted thing—polluted by thy touch.

"But one night he came, and on the very spot where he had met you years before, he met you again—met you, and your golden seimitar drank his life's blood.

"Ah, yes, I know all, for I heard his dying words to his daughter—my daughter. You were his murderer—and now you must die by my hand."

The woman, wild in her frenzy, sprung forward, a jeweled dirk in her uplifted hand.

But a slender form glided before her—a gentle yet firm grasp withheld her, and the soft voice of Kaloolab said:

"No—you have sinned enough; do not let a human life be on your soul."

The dirk fell to the deck, and stuck quivering in the boards, while the arms dropped, and the white, haggard, thin, yet still beautiful face turned upon Kaloolah, and the lips parted, while she breathed forfh:

"My daughter—will you touch your guilty mother."

"Mother, I forgive you all, even as my father."

'Mother, I forgive you all, even as my father forgave me."

With a cry of joy, a heart pent up for years in agony bursting forth in delirious delight, Alfarida threw out her arms, and the lone mother arms, and the lone mother ware classed in a long and forgiving daughter were clasped in a long

No word was said for full a minute—no one ot even Al Sirat, dare break the sacredness of

not even Al Sirat, dare break the sacredness of that meeting with speech.

At length Kaloolah said, softly:

"My father, what of him, mother?"

"He lies buried yonder—I was jealous of his body, fearful that it would be buried far away, where I dare not go, and I called my slave and we bore it away. Alas! that was a night of norror, for my faithful slave, Sudka, the twin of yonder poor creature, was slain—and we stole him away, too, and gave him burial near your father, for I dare not now call him husband."

Kaloolah gave a deep sigh; the mystery of her father's body being spirited away was solved—her mother had given him burial, and tears had been shed over his lonely grave.

"Al Sirat, do you dare ask for mercy now?" broke in the stern voice of Julian, while he and all seemed relieved, for the mystery of the old ruin was solved—its phantoms were flesh and blood.

"I ask for no merey. If I must die, so be it.
I will die as I have lived, fearless."
The pluck of the man won a murmur of admiration from all who heard him, while Julian You are a brave man, though an evil one

pasha. When the moon rises from yonder sea, you shall die."
"So be it—I am ready."
"But not alone: here stands a man equally deserving of death, and he shall bear you com-

The Market Malvern who spoke, and he pointed toward the Turkish aide-de-camp, he whom he had called Archer Trevillian.

CHAPTER XXXV. A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

WHILE the exciting incidents were occurring in the deck of the Silver Scimitar, the vessel was laying to, calmly rocking upon the swell of

Upon the waters swept a gentle breeze, and

Upon the waters swept a gentle breeze, and the sun, near its setting, cast in deep shadow the shores, and burnished brightly the grand old ruin on the cliff.

On the vessel all were calm outwardly, yet every heart throbbed wildly, even those of the surprised seamen, who gathered in groups, gazing upon the scene.

Presently Paul Malvern said, in deep, earnest tones that proved he was greatly moved:

"I have said that this man, Archer Trevillian, should die also. I will unfold to you all a leaf from the past, and then see if there is one present who will not say that he richly merits death.

death.

"Like myself, he is an American, and like myself he is now an officer in a foreign service. The circumstances which brought this strange coincidence about are widely different.

"In a Southern State I was born and reared—my parents being wealthy and of good family." My sister and myself, she three years my junior, were the only children, and when we were grown to manhood and womanhood, my parents were killed by a railroad accident, and to my surprise, my father's will, found in his desk, made me heir to all his estates, my sister being simply left to my guardianship, and in being simply left to my guardianship, and in case of my death to inherit my wealth.

"It was a strange will, and created much talk among the friends of our family; but it stood good and I got the wealth, at the same time declaring my intention to share it equally with my sister.

"As I was absent at college until my nine-teenth year, and then, on the breaking out of the civil war, went into the Confederate army, my father had as his secretary a young man who had been educated to the profession of the law: that man stands before you in Archer Tre-villian

"After the death of my parents, I still kept this man as manager of the estates, for he knew what I was worth far better than I did.

Then im Stellos? We need lim, too, it seems," said Julian, grimly, and the order was at once obeyed.

Then the Turkish soldiers awaited no longer for an order to depart; they sprung into their boat and rowed shoreward in all haste.

"Al Sirat Pasha, you must die; your hour has come," said Julian, sternly.

"Why this indignity? I am a lord of the Ottoman Empire—a pasha of the sultan."

"Were you the sultan himself you should die for the crimes you have committed. Zuleikah, come here—there, stand so that he can see your face. Pasha, do you know this maiden?"

"Ido. She was an immate of my harem, and destined for the honor of becoming my favorite," haughtily replied the Turk.

"This maiden you tore from her home. Her mother fell by the hands of your soldiers; her brother, a mere boy, was murdered when unarmed: for this you shall die."

"It was the fortune of war that made me the victor. To the victor belong the spoils," insolently replied the Turk.

"Kaloolah, come hither. Pasha, do youknow this maiden?" and Julian glanced upon the young girl, whose face was pale but stern and determined. At length she stood face to face with the slayer of her father.

"Yes: she, too, was in my harem as her mother was there before her."

"Yes: she, too, was in my harem as her mother was there before her."

"Yes: she, too, was in my harem as her mother was there before her."

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"Yes: she, too, was in my harem as her mother was there before her."

"Yes: she, too, was in my harem as her mother was there before her."

"Yes: she, too, was in my harem as her

a sham duel between us.

dress some dying words to me.

"We waited long and he never moved, and at length one of the acting seconds stepped forward to prompt him, thinking he had forgotten his lines.

his lines.
"With horror he started back; my enemy was dead—shot through the head by a ball from

ny pistol.
"I will pass over the scene that followed; it beggars description.

I was arrested; the truth of the intended duel came out, and it was believed that I had purposely loaded my pistol, to save my own life on the morrow.

on the morrow.

"I lay in a felon's cell for months, and then

"I lay in a felon's cell for months, and then was brought to trial—a long, tedious trial, which resulted in my being found guilty of murder with intent to kill, and my sentence was death by hanging.

"The night before the day on which I was to be executed a visitor came to my cell. It was my sister, and she came to save me, for she had bribed the jailer to let me escape.

"The jailer was a young man, unmarried, and one to whom I had rendered favors, and it was decided that we should fly together.

"Conscious of my own innocence, I fled from the ignominious death that threatened me—fled to a foreign land.

"Shortly after my departure Archer Trevillian, who still managed my property, made a discovery—in a secret drawer of my father's desk was found another will; this will was written after the one I had found, and divided the property equally, between myself and sister, and in case of my death my share was to revert to her, and vice versa as regarded her half if she died. o her, and vice versa as regarded her half if she

to her, and vice versa as regarded her half if she died.

"Then it was shown that I had forged the first will, for in my handwriting, several half-completed copies of the will in my favor were found among my private papers.

"A year after my flight Archer Trevillian married my sister, and became the lord of my home and estates, and from that day the remittances sent me abroad ceased; but I had sufficient to allow me to travel about, and, fond of Eastern lands, I passed much time in Greece, Turkey and Asia.

"One night, in Athens, I was set upon by an assassin, and he came near taking my life, for he gave me a deep wound in the side. In that assassin I beheld a man strangely like Archer Trevillian: yet I did not suspect him, for what could he be doing in Greece?

"After a long illness I recovered, and drifted into Turkey once more; but my letters home

"After a long illness I recovered, and drifted into Turkey once more; but my letters home were unanswered, and I gradually went downhill until I was almost starved. Nay, one night, driven to desperation by my ill-fortune, I would have taken my own life, had I not been called from the dark deed by hearing a combat with scimitars waging not far from me. "Then I first met Delos Bey, and he it was who has saved me from myself. What I am today I owe to him. "But, enough of self. Let me now tell you of the career of this man," and Paul Malvern pointed contemptuously toward Archer Trevillian, who stood with bowed head and white face, his manacled hands clasped, his whole attitude that

nanacled hands clasped, his whole attitude that f one who held no hope in life. (To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CAMPAIGN.

THE Western tour of the Eastern nines-as far as League club games go—ended May 26th and the result for the first time in the history of the League is in favor of the East, the Bos on club having won six out of their eigh cames with League nines, and the Hartfords our out of their seven. If they can do so well on their adversaries' own ground it is rea-conable to suppose that they will do better when the Western nines visit the East, and consequently a busy and exciting campaign may be expected this coming June, when the League nines make their first Eastern tour of

The League club games played out West the past week were as follows:

May 21, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville 5
" 21, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville 8
" 22, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 6
" 23, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 5
" 24, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago 6
" 26, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 12

The full record up to May 26th, showing the

rames won and lost by each of the League nines in their contests with each other, is as

rotation and report			ati	d	is	won.
Boston	San Problem in Long	_ 2	-9	0	9 0	6
Chicago		0 -	1			4
Cincinnati		0 0	_			1
Hartford		0 1	2	-	1, 0	4
Louisville		0 0	2	1 -	- 0	3
St. Louis	TOT BASES AND A SOUTH	2 2	0	1	0-	5
Games lost	broken destro	2 5	7	3	4 2	22
The relative plows:	position of the	nine	S	is a	s f	ol-
CLUBS.	GAMES WON.	(FAI	TES.	Los	ST.
Boston	6			2		
St. Louis	5	MIN TO		2	TIM	
Hartford	4	PADA				
Louisville	3			9	-300	
Cincinnati.				- 6		
Omenment,	A CUESTICATION OF THE PARTY OF				1000	
	Boston Chicago Chicago Cincinnati Hartford Louisville St. Louis Games lost The relative plows: CLUBS. Boston St. Louis Hartford Chicago Louiville	Boston Chicago. Cincinnati Hartford. Louisville St. Louis. Games lost The relative position of the lows: CLUBS. GAMES WON. BOSTON 6 St. Louis 5 Hartford 4 Chicago 4 Choisgo 4 Chicago 4 Chicago 4 Chicago 4 Chicago 3	Boston	Boston	Boston	Boston

No one supposed that the Chicago club would occupy fourth position in the race this season, nor would the club have done so but for the lively ball experiment. In the international arena the past week but ew championship games have been played, the

pest being as follows: May 21, Allegheny vs. Rochester, at Rochester 10 21, Suckeye vs. Live Oak, at Columbus 9 23, Allegheny vs. Live Oak, at Allegheny 7

The full record to date is as follows:

	d a terrible dry, and glaced	ту	201	K	ster	eaf.	er .	eh	AL CATAL
3	Allegheny Buckeye Live Oak		1	. 2	0	100	-0	0	10.00
1	Manchestor Maple Leaf Rochester Tecumseh	1	0	2 0	0	0	0		
	Games lost			A ST	1			1	I
No.	The relative position of to	he	n	ine	es	is	as	f	ol-
CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE	CLUBS. GAMES WON Allegheny 5 Manchester 2 Rochester 2 Buckeye 2	THE PERSON NAMED IN		D. GOOK	GA	ME	S I 2 0 2 1	Los	T
V	Tecumseh 1						1		

14

14

"The word was given to fire, and our pistols flashed together, and, as was his place to do in the play, my antagonist fell to the floor, his part being to be mortally wounded.

"Then we all waited for him to raise himself on his arm, as the character called for, and address some dying words to me."

"The word was given to fire, and our pistols tra average games, the most remarkable being the 5 to 4 game at Erie in which sixteen innings were played. The Hartfords also had a twelve-innings game with the Buckeyes marked by a score of 2 to 6 only.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in reply to a correspondent, says: "The oldest club in the country is the Olympic, of Philadelphia, organized in 1833. The Knickerbockers, of New York, were organized in 1844."

NOTES OF THE DAY.

This is an error. The Olympic elub played town-ball—not base-ball—up to 1860. The Knickerbocker is the oldest base-ball club now in existence. This is its thirty-second year of play, and they have not missed a season.

The Hartford Times calls the Hartfords the "Brooklyns," there being a Hartford club now in that city. Besides which \$5,000 has been subscribed to raise a professional team there.

The Cincinnati Enquirer of May 21st says:

"The base-ball players were surprised at the Ludlow Grounds yesterday afternoon. They had gone there for the purpose of having a quiet little game, and were willing that spectators should be admitted for twenty-five cents per head. The game had hardly commenced when Sheriff Lowe, of Covington, made his appearance with a posse of men, and arrested B. F. Shott manager of the Ludlow Grounds, and the gate-keeper. The arrest was made under a provision of the General Statutes, which forbids persons to violate the Sabbath. The arrested parties gave bail, and will have a hearing before Squire Kennedy in Covington on Wednesday. The Cincinnati Enquirer of May 21st says:

This is a good work. It is to be hoped that the Sunday ball-playing will be stopped elsewhere. Here in New York it is against the law to play ball Sunday, and the police are ordered to arrest all found engaged in the objectionable work. The blasphemy and dirty anguage which mark Sunday sporting crowds are notorious.

Some fine play was shown by the Cincinnatis in their games with the Bostons. A dispatch to St. Louis says, in the 6 to 2 game, that:

St. Louis says, in the 6 to 2 game, that:

"Bond was almost invincible, while the visitors hit Mathews rather freely, but not collectively, except in the last inning. The fielding of the home club was something remarkable, and, in spite of defeat, they met with a regular ovation from the crowd. In the third inning the Bostons had three men on bases and none out, when Leonard's line hit to left was held by Cuthbert. He threw home to Hicks to cut off the man at third, who touched his base, and was running home. Wright had left second without first touching the base. Hicks threw to Halliana, who touched his base, and threw home in time to once more cut off Wright, who was trying to tally. He was run out between bases by Foley and Jones. The umpire decided it only a double p ay, thinking Wright had touched his base after Cuthbert's catch, which Wright himself acknowledged he did not. However, the next man was fielded out at first, and no runs made. In two more innings, with bases full and only one out, double plays by Jones and Hicks on sharp foul tips retired the side.'

This is pretty work.

This is pretty work.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in recently ommenting on the League club nines, says: "Ferguson also has an excellent team, and will press the Bostons and St. Louis very hard; his new pitcher, Larkin, has much of the trickery and effectiveness of Nichols, and is, if anything, an improvement over Bond. The season will, from all appearances, be a wonderfully exciting one. With four clubs evenly matched, it is apt to prove a neckand-neck race for the pennant, and it is not likely that a decision can be made until the close."

The order of fielding skill exhibited by the eague nines in their recent contests togethe shows Hartford in the van with but 28, St Louis second with a total of 31, Boston being third with 38, Louisville fourth with 42, Chicago fifth with 51, and Cincinnati last with 62. In base-hit batting Louisville leads, Cincinnati being second, Boston third, and St. Louis last.

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A JUNE POEM.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

With roses in her hair sweet June,
With tender step and gainly,
Comes lightly wandering our ways,
And men perspire profanely.
The green has grown into the red,
The flowers are brightly blowing,
The sweetest flowers of all the train
The cabbages, are growing.

Bright month of June, how dear it is!
The year is half-way through now—
The sweetest time of all the year,
And several bills are due now!
Soft verdure clothes the fields and hills
In emerald hues and mellow;
Far, far the landscape stretches green—
And butter's growing yellow.

The murmur of enchanting streams
So slumberous and inviting,
To-day allures the wandering steps—
And fish are mad and biting.
The sun ascends its highest hight,
And days are getting longer;
A mildness spreads o'er all the earth—
Onions are getting stronger.

The sweet fruit ripens on the bough,
In sunshine warm and glowing,
Nature provides for every need—
My parsnip bed needs hoeing.
The earth one pleasant pasture seems.
And smiles both warm and sunny,
and all the leaves are fully out,
As likewise is my money.

As, likewise, is my money. The wild vine climbs the favoring tree,

The wild vine climbs the favoring tree,
And blossoms in the sunning,
The odor on soft winds is borne—
Soap factories are running.
The sweet mid-year, thrice happy time!
Unfolds its glorious show now,
And on it falls the sun's bright beams—
Straw hats are all the go now.

A gentle shower, and nature wears
A freshness most surprising;
See, everything comes springing up
And day-board, too, is rising.
The heart with joyful moods is filled,
And brightness of creation,
And one feels almost glad enough
To own a poor relation.

Schamyl, THE CAPTIVE PRINCE;

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BY LAUNCE POYNTZ, AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

I.—ZISKA.

BRIGHT morning in St. Petersburg. Sky as blue as ever it was in Italy, the air still, thermometer 20° below zero, ground and buildings covered with a white sheet of snow. The broad avenue of the Newsky Perspective is crowded with sledges, all the bells ringing a mad pea of merriment. Still the sleeper sleeps on.

He arrived at the Hotel de Russie last night and registered his name as "Ziska Hoffman, Journalist, America."

With him came a big Russian friend, met on the steamer, and it is Ivan Ivanoff who is now shouting at the door.

"Come, Batushka, (little father,) if we want to see the Petroskaia before we take the train to Moscow now is our time."

Joseph Toolean Joseph

pelling further sleep.

Ziska hurriedly dressed himself and admitted the good-natured giant.
"Now, Batushka," said Ivanoff, as he cam

"Now, Batusna," said Ivanon, as he came in, "if you are a wise man you'll not take the train to-day but go out and see the sights. There is the imperial palace and the hermitage of her most blessed majesty, of glorious memory, Katinka the Great, there is the admiralty and the Petroskaia, the great statue of our immortal Car Peter. There are the theaters, the arsels the abusely so Surely you would never nals, the churches. Surely you would never miss them. Batushka, stay a few days and we

will go together."

"Well," said Ziska, smiling, "I don't know that we are in such a furious hurry, after all, and I think we might easily do worse than explore this city in company, Ivanoff. Where shall we go first?"

"To breakfast. Ratuchka," said Ivanoff.

To breakfast, Batushka," said Ivanof ning all over his broad face. "A regular Russian breakfast is ready below, and after that we will take a sledge and enjoy ourselves. Ah, Batushka, you don't know what a change it is for me, who left Russia a poor peasant, to come back a rich merchant, able to enjoy myself and have such a friend as the American nobleman." Ziska laughed. Ivanoff was a true Russian

full of extravagant compliments.

They went down to breakfast, and a strang way they have of eating in Russia. First Ivan-off led his friend to a sideboard. "Now, Batushka, you must eat Russian

There were little saucers of sweetmeats, oth-There were little saucers of sweetmeats, otheres of salt anchovies and caviare and little glasses of vodka. Possibly you don't know what caviare and vodka are. Caviare is the roe of the sturgeon, or rather sterlet, a species of fish peculiar to the Volga river. Americans wouldn't like it, first time, or second either, but epicures are very fond of it.

You know Hamlet calls peculiar dainties "Caviare to the general."

"Caviare to the general."

Ivanoff made Ziska take first a little jam, then some salt anchovies and caviare, then a little glass of fiery vodka or Russian rye whisky.

"There, Batushka, that will give you an ap-

The breakfast was in Russian style, with lenty of hot fat soups and stews, everything eeming to be intended to keep up the animal

heat of the body.
"Now, Batushka, the sledge is at the door. Leave me to make the bargain with the ishvosh tshik. He would take the skin from you, the

little dove, the son of an animal."

A few moments later the two friends were out A few moments later the two friends were out in the biting frosty air, and Ziska shuddered through his big ulster as he felt the intense cold. Before the door stood a long low sledge with the runners made of thick wood and turning up at both ends away from the body of the vehicle, a very different machine from the trim American cutter of Ziska's recollection. In front were three horses, the center one a powerful black, the outside horses small, wild-looking

shaggy ponies.
But what a strange rig! The middle horse was in shafts, and over his collar rose a bright steel bow about two feet high, carrying three large deep-toned bells, chiming in accord with each other. The head of the horse was checked up to this bow so that he could only look straight before him. The outside animals had hardly any harness but a surcingle and traces; they were no blinkers and seemed to be perfectly

free.
"Now, Batushka, jump in. Plenty of furs.
Now, Batushka, jump in. Plenty of furs. Cover up warm or you may lose a hand. Now Peter Petrovitch, poshol!"

Peter Petrovitch, poshol!"

Poshol means go on, and was one of the few Russian words Ziska had picked up before leaving St. Petersburg.

The vocabulary is handy if you ever go to Russia. It is all-sufficient for the ishvoshtshik

or drosky-driver.

Poshol! Go ahead!

Stol! Stop!

Na pravo! To the right!

Na lievo! To the left!

That's all you need till you come to settle your fare, and then you want to know the numerals up to ten, so as to count copecks and rubles. All that Ivanoff saved Ziska—but he told him about the Russian money, which is very simple, as

they drove along.

''You see, Batushka, you Americans have your dollars, we have our rubles. Our ruble is only worth seventy-five cents, but it counts a hun

dred copecks. Ah yes, in the old days we had silver rubles, but now it is all paper everywhere, just like your greenbacks, and the good Lord he knows when we shall get back our old hard

As he spoke they were gliding over the snow down one of the broadest and handsomest streets in Europe, the renowned Newsky Pros-pect. In Russia broad streets are all called "prospects" like our "avenues;" side streets are "oulitzas."

are "oulitzas."
The Newsky Prospect is lined with grand houses and palaces, and runs right through the center of St. Petersburg, from the Alexandrofski parade-ground to the Admiralty and Winter Palace, about three miles. It is the Russian Broadway, and stretches across the wide bend of the river Neva, which winds all round the city.

To-day it is full of sledges and people all in furs, and Ziska lies back muffled up to the chin in white wolf-skins and watches the brilliant

m white won-skins and watches the trimate panorama with delight.

"Hallo, Ivanoff, what's that?" he asks, as a glitter of weapons ahead of him catches his eye. There are a forest of spear-points high over the confusion of sledges and the dull booming of lettle dymes is audible.

kettle-drums is audible.
"The Cossacks of the Guard, Batushka," said
his friend, proudly. "Ah, they have no such
soldiers in America as those. Look at them how

soldiers in America as those. Look at them how they ride!"

As he spoke a wild-looking man in a black fur cap and huge gray overcoat galloped by the sledge waving a short whip, and motioning to clear the way, with shouts of "Poshli von!" (Out of the road.) Slung at his back was his long spear, resting in the stirrup-boot, and he had a carbine and big revolver, be sides a sword in his belt. He wore no spurs, but carried his whip, and alternately used it on his shaggy little horse and the heads of any of the crowd who did not obey quickly.

Behind him, at about fifty paces, came the dark column of Cossacks, all in the same dress, all with the same short stirrups and little horses, but led by one of the handsomest men Ziska had ever seen.

but led by one of the handsomest men Ziska had ever seen.

This officer rode a great black horse, very different from those of the Cossacks. Obviously it was of English or other blood, and its rider was very different from the squat, thickset Cossacks, with their pug-noses and big bristling beards. He was tall and slender, with a highbred face, great dark eyes, and a long black mustache that nearly touched his breast as he rode. His oval aquiline face was dark and pale, with a thoughtful, melancholy expression. He was obviously an officer of rank, but his uniform differed from that of the Cossacks. It was all of black or green, so dark as to be nearly form differed from that of the Cossacks. It was all of black or green, so dark as to be nearly black, laced with silver. A high conical Persian cap, long frock coat to the ankles, polished riding-boots, fur pelisse and gauntlets, very long silver-mounted pistols and saber—such was the appearance of the young officer who rode, solitary and proud, at the head of the Cossack column.

Who is he, I wonder?" mused Ziska. "That man looks as if he had a history."
"That, Batushka!" said Ivanoff, eagerly.
"That is young Schamyf."
"Who!"

"Young Schamyl, the son of the great Tcher-kess chief who gave Czar Nicholas so much trouble. When the old man surrendered at trouble. When the old man surrendered at last, the czar treated him well and allowed him to go abroad on parole. He died at Medina only a few years ago. Well, Batushka, our czar is wise. He keeps the son of Schamyl here in the capital as an officer of his own staff, and he is a prince among princes. He ought to be happy?

appy."
"He does not look so," thought Ziska.
At that moment the young Circassian prince assed close to the sledge, and as he passed he

looked at the American.

Involuntarily Ziska Hoffmann raised his hand and saluted young Schamyl. The prince looked surprised, but returned the salute with a grave dignity of demeanor that impressed the American very favorably, to all appearance.

As he passed on, Ziska observed to Ivanoff: "You may think that man is happy, but to my mind he looks like a prisoner planning to escape. Your czar may be wise, but he'd better

my mind he looks like a prisoner planning to escape. Your czar may be wise, but he'd better watch his hostages."

The Russian merchant laughed.

"We can trust the czar, Batushka. Look; they have passed, and here we are at the Admiralty. Peter Petrovitch has good horses.
That fellow in the middle is a true Orloff trotter. See him street out."

r. See him step out."
Indeed Ziska was surprised at the way in treet, the big horse in the middle throwing out his feet in a long slashing trot that would not have disgraced Dexter, while the shaggy Jkraine ponies on the outside were at full gal op. It was a singular but quite prepossessing eam, and essentially Russian.

eam, and essentially Kussian.

At a signal from Ivanoff the sledge stopped lear the Admiralty, a great gray granite building; and the travelers had a full view of the elebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great, the horse rearing at the edge of a precipic formed by a huge block of granite forty fee high. Before them was the frozen sheet of the Neva, and at the other side of the Admiralty cose the enormous pile of the Winter Palace, eading to the so-called "Hermitage" of Catherine II., the cottage that cost twenty millions

wonder and admiration, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He started. A Cossack on horse-lack was by the sledge and handed him a little vhite note. Before he could open it the man aluted and rode away, leaving Ziska puzzled beyond measure. (To be continued.)

Captain Saul's Victory.

BY C. D. CLARK.

He broke the token, and half he gave to me, While the other's rolling—while the other's roll-

At the bottom of the sea!"-OLD Song. So sung Nettie Dare, sitting on the gray rocks beside the sea, and watching the long swell as it came in from the east. It was the coast of New England, off New Bedford, and the maiden who England, off New Bedford, and the maden who sung that old, old song of love and constancy was beautiful: young and fresh, with abundant hair, lustrous black eyes, and lips which seemed to ask for kisses. So thought the young sailor, Ned Valton, as he leaped down from the rocks

and stood beside her.
"Will you take a token from me, Nettie?" he said, tenderly. "I, too, am going away across 'Ned!" she cried, "where did you come

from?"

"I just dropped in,'" replied the gay young sailor, passing his arm about her waist. "I've only a little while to stay, my darling, but that will be long enough to tell you that I love you will be long enough to tell you that I love you ag out as mate, this trip, and I hope, when I ome home, that the owners will think I have one well enough to make me captain. And if ney do, your father will give you to me, for he captain of a whaler is a great man in New

"But three years is a long, long time, Ned; d sooner see you follow any other vocation

"It's the best I can do, dear girl. I've been a "It's the best I can do, dear girl. I've been a sailor since I was big enough to lift a marlin-spike, and I shall be a sailor till I die."

He took a small gold ring from his finger and cut it in two pieces with his knife, and gave her

Keep it, Nettie," he said, "and in the day under the sea. Then you may bid good-by for-ever to your sailor lover, and look for another. I don't want to hamper you, my girl. If, when I am gone, you find another you care for more than poor Ned Valton—"

"Ned!"
"I won't say what I was going to say, then. I believe that you are true to the core, dear girl, and indeed I never doubted you. But I must say good-by, for the Dolphin has set the signal to recall the boats, and it won't be long before the anchor is off the bottom. One kiss, my darling, and then a long good-by."

He clasped her in his arms, and their lips met in a long and tender kiss. At this moment they heard a hissing laugh, and starting quickly, Ned Valton saw a man in seaman's garb standing upon the rocks above, and looking down at them.

upon the rocks above, and looking down as them.

"I don't like to interfere, Ned, old boy," said the man, "but we must make the best of this wind. Go down to the 'Ship' and find the second mate, and go to the boat. I'll stroll along the shore, and get there as soon as you."

It was Captain Saul Wilson, of the ship Dolphin—a successful captain, one who never went upon the whaling grounds but that he filled up before the rest of the fleet—a man who never lost a ship, and who made money for his owners; who could command almost any "lay" when he wished to change service.

e wished to change service.
"I'll go, captain," said the young man.
Nettie and I have made a bargain, and if I come back, after doing good work, and the owners give me command of the new ship they are going to build, she is to be my wife. Kiss again, Nettie; Saul knows that we love each

Again he pressed her to his heart, and then tore himself away.
"Take her home, Captain Saul," he said; "I
—I can't stay."

"Take her home, Captain Saul," he said; "I—I can't stay."

He sprung over the rocks and disappeared, and Captain Saul gave Nettie his arm. She took it, and as she walked along the shell-strewn beach she looked up again and again into the weatherbeaten face of Saul Wilson. It was not a bad face, but that of a man who had suffered in secret. His eyes, even now, had a dreamy look, and he kept them steadily turned away from her.

For he loved her.

Little did Nettie Dare know that this man had given her all the wealth of a great heart and had been hesitating until Ned Valton, younger, more ardent and handsomer than himself, had taken his place, and he saw the great hope of his life slip away from him, leaving him, as he had seen the wrecks of ships, stranded and forsaken, on a desolate shore.

He dared not look at her, for he loved Ned Valton, and he feared for himself. Once or twice the thought came to him: "If he should die; if anything should happen to him on the voyage!" But, he drove the thought out of his heart, and when they came near the cottage of old Captain Dare he bade her good-by as an elder brother might have done, and hurried down to the boat, which lay there in waiting, with only three men in it. Soon Ned and the second mate came down, the latter took an oar, and the boat shot away toward the ship. Two hours later the anchor was hove, the head-sails and the boat shot away toward the ship. Two hours later the anchor was hove, the head-sails filled, and the Dolphin bore away on her distant

Long months had passed, and again we see the Long months had passed, and again we see the Dolphin. She is on the sperm-whale fishing-grounds, and a look at her is enough to show that she has seen service. There is an oily look about her, and the men have the same appearance. The odor of oil is everywhere, and even now the try-pots are busy. On either side of the ship a strange object is suspended, the head of a gigantic sperm-whale, and the men are working in the great cells scooping out the rich sperm from the depths.

"I'd like to get rid of these heads as soon as we can, captain," said Ned Valton. "I don't like the look of the sky."

Saul Wilson cast a gloomy look to leeward, and saw that a storm was brewing.

sall Wilson cast a gloomy look to leeward, and saw that a storm was brewing.

"Let it come," he said, in a surly tone. "I think sometimes it would be better for me if the next storm sent the Dolphin to the bottom. Curse it, why do you stand staring at me? I'd have you know that you've got a man to deal with, Ned Valton."

"I'd weed to think so Saul "said Ned sadly."

"I used to think so, Saul," said Ned, sadly.
"Well, well; this voyage must come to an end,

"Do you want me to send you forward among the men?" cried the captain, fiercely. "By heaven, I'll do it if you don't look out. I won't

Ned went forward without a word. He did not understand all this. From the moment the ship had rounded the Horn Saul Wilson had begun to show his hatred of the man who had been his friend. Nothing he could do was right, and the captain repeatedly interfered with him in the line of his duties, where no captain who has any respect for his first mate will interfere. The men muttered among themselves that they had heard the captain say that he would "work up the mate's old iron, and ride him down like the main tack," and all old sailors know what such

main tack," and all old sallors know what such a threat as that means on board ship.
"I wish you would speak to the captain, Benton," said Ned, as he passed the second mate in the waist. "I don't know what has come over him lately. I try to do my duty like a man, but, do the best I can, it is impossible to satisfy him. He has made the ship a hell to me, and I san't stand it much longer." I't stand it much longer."
I don't understand it, either," said Benton.

'What have you done to him?' "Nothing whatever. He has acted in this way for nearly a year. All I can say is, when we get to Honolulu, I leave the ship. But, there is a storm brewing, and if it strikes us before the heads are gone, I wouldn't give a penny for

At this moment the captain, who had been glaring at them from the quarter-deck, cried out to the first mate:

"I'll make a mincer of you if you don't move, you, Valton," he cried. "Start those men live-ly; I'll ride you down, curse you!"

Ned made no reply, but went to the rail and spoke to the men in a low voice. They loved him, and there was not a man among them who would not have worked his fingers to the bone for the young mate. They sprung to their work with a will, and the work was nearly done when even the captain saw that they could wait no

"Stand by to cut away!" he cried. "The gale will catch us if we don't look out. Lively

there with your axes!"

The men saw that the storm was rolling with frightful rapidity, and the blows of the axes fell fast. A moment more and the two great heads went plunging down into the sea, and the men sprung out to set the star. and the men sprung out to set the storm-jib and staysails. Scarcely had it been done, and the sails drawn up to a tight leach, when the gale struck her, and the Dolphin went over on her beam-ends as if smitten down by the hand of a giant. The men at the wheel let her go over, and the ship slowly righted and went off before the wind with frightful speed. All was envel-oped in utter darkness now, and Benton, who had missed Ned Valton from his side, called to

him; but he was gone!
"My God, captain!" cried the second mate.
"Ned is overboard!" Saul Wilson uttered a terrible cry, and glared

Saul Wilson uttered a terrible cry, and glared at the water with wildly-dilated eyes.

"I killed him!" he cried. "I am a murderer, do you hear? I killed him as surely as if I had brained him with an ax! Curse the darkness; but for that, I'd save him yet!"

He sprung to the rail and looked out, and raising his powerful voice, sent it ringing out across the sea. A feeble shout, from astern, told that Ned was there.

"Throw her up into the wind!" screamed the captain. "Up with her, if it takes every stick out of her! Now then, who is with me to save that poor fellow?"

that poor fellow?"
Four men quickly manned a boat, and the captain sprung into the stern-sheets. The crew worked at the falls, and scarcely had the boat worked at the fails, and scarcely had the boat touched the water when the oars dropped to-gether, and the boat shot away from the ship into the black night beyond. Again the cap-tain hailed, and the feeble voice replied, far

ahead.
"Pull, my men, pull! A hundred dollars to every man in the boat if we save him. Lift to sweep past on the wings of the bursting storm.

To sweep past on the wings of the bursting storm.

For a few moments they all stood in silence the gas.

her, my boys; start every plank and stretcher, but pull. Brace up, Ned: we are coming!"

As he spoke a red light flashed from the bow of the ship, and a blood-red glare fell upon the sea. Benton was burning red fire to show them where the young mate was. Then they saw him, rising upon the crest of a mighty wave and again sinking from sight, but struggling manfully to keep afloat. Then from the ship rose a resounding shout, and the drowning man took heart and struggled manfully. But, weighed down by his heavy clothing, he was nearly spent, and all at once they saw him throw up his hands, and, with the name of the girl he loved upon his lips, go down in the dark water. Then, in the glare of the red fire, they saw the captain rise in the stern-sheets and plunge head foremost into the water. A moment of wild suspense, and then the head of Saul Wilson appeared above the waves, and a wild shout went up as they saw that he bore upon one arm the form of the young mate. A moment more and they were in the boat and pulling toward the ship.

And that night, when Ned lay in his bunk.

noment more and they were in the boar and pulling toward the ship.

And that night, when Ned lay in his bunk, the captain came and told him how he had loved Nettie for five years, and how his passion drove him nearly mad. But his good angel triumphed, and three years after, when Ned Valton and Nettie were married, Saul Wilson said amen to the prevent for their harminess with a fewernt. the prayer for their happiness with a fervent heart. He never married, but all through life they had no better friend than the captain of

"Vengeance is Mine."

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"Ease up thar, stranger! Keep your han's off 'm them 'ar pop-guns, 'less ye want to go to thunder by 'xpress!"

Trotting leisurely along the level bottom road, thinking only of reaching his destination for the night, John Fielding abruptly drew rein as a man stepped into the road from behind a dense clump of wild roses. This alone would have been startling, when the unenviable reputation of that portion of Missouri is considered, but when the rough-clad, brutal-Jooking stranger coolly leveled a cocked revolver, uttering the coolly leveled a cocked revolver, uttering the threat recorded above, it may well be pardoned the traveler if a cold thrill of something not far akin to fear, crept up and down his spinal

akin to fear, crept up and down his spinal column.

"You ain't a-goin' to be hurt, ef you take things easy, boss—leastwise by me," added the footpad, with a chuckle of complacency. "Jest so ye don't kick over the traces."

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"Fust, I want to know your name. Mebbe you ain't the man I'm lookin' fer, after all."

"My name is John Fielding—"

"Take him. bovs—lively!"

"Take him, boys—lively!"

At the words two men sprung from the dense undergrowth along the narrow road, and almost ere he could realize his peril, the traveler found ere he could realize his peril, the traveler found himself lying upon the ground, a heavy knee pressing into his breast, a pair of brawny hands shutting off his breath with a vigor that caused his brain to reel, and a blood-red mist to pass over his eyes. A second man secured the startled horse, while the third—he who had halted the rider, held himself in readiness for prompt action in whatever quarter the necessity might arise. The whole affair, from beginning to end, plainly evidenced that these men were engaged plainly evidenced that these men were engaged

plainly evidenced that these men were engaged in no unfamiliar task; the cool and adroit celerity with which they tore the hunter from the saddle, bound and gagged him without noise or outcry, was very significant.

"You take the hoss on ahead, Mart. Tell the boss we've got his man. He'll find us over to Glaskin's. Pull foot lively, now. 'T looks like we was goin' to hev a harrycane in good airnest."

The man addressed as Mart sprung into the saddle and thundered away at full speed, soon disappearing among the huge boles of the cot-

disappearing among the huge boles of the cottonwood trees.

"Now, stranger," added the fellow, addressing the prisoner, "we mean business, chuck up. I won't sw'ar you'll git out o' this 'ere mess with a hull skin, fer that's jest as the boss sais; but you'll find the trail all the easier ef you make up your mind to grin an' b'ar what ye cain't help. You've got to git over 's fur's Glaskin's—better'n two mile—an' that afore sundown. 'Ll you walk?"

you walk?"
"Ef he don't, we'll jest drag him by the heels,"
growled the other rufflan. "Blamed ef I tote
the warmint—"

You don't need. Bob—len' a han'—so!" and the captive was raised to his feet. He's goin' to be sensible an' walk—sence he cain't help his-

Realizing the utter folly of provoking his captors, John Fielding submitted to the inevitable and obediently followed the winding trail through the thickly-timbered bottom, as indicated by the two footpads.

His mind was busy enough during that enforced tramp. The words of the three men plainly showed that their object in thus waylaying him was not for money alone, since they had ade no effort to search him, beyond removin his weapons. His active memory could recall the name of but one person who had ever borne him enmity bitter enough to use such stern mea sures to insure his revenge; but one—and whad come, long since, that he was dead.

source of the news seemed trustworthy. There could not well be an error; and yet—
"You slip ahead, Bob, and see ef thar's anybody thar with Ellen. Ef Tom Cowden is sneakin' 'round, we've got to bluff him off. He's to blamed sweet on the gal, and she's durned contrairy, it 'd be jest our luck ef she was to set

"An' you'd hev the hull kentry climbin' up our backs wild fer ha'r. 'Twon't do, Bob; Tom's too well-knowed fer that. Go—make haste back."

Ten minutes later the squat, black-browed uffian returned, announcing that the coast was

dear.
"We ain't none too soon, nuther," said the other, with a sweeping glance at the threatening sky. "'F we don't ketch ge-long afore another hour, then I cain't read the signs."
"It'd be a joke on us ef that little saplin''d take a notion to lay down to git out o' the wind," added Bob, with a laugh, as they enter-

ed a desolate-looking clearing in which stood a small, square log-cabin. alluded to was an enormous

The "sapling" alluded to was an enormous sycamore tree, dead, yet with wide-spreading top, which stood a few rods to the rear of the cabin. Girdled, fire-scarred and decaying at the roots, there was some foundation for the

outlaw's speech.

"Thar's the gal! slide ahead, Bob, an' keep the door. It 'd be jest like her to slam it shet in our faces, when she see's how the stranger's rigged out."

There seemed some foundation for this fear, for the girl—a tall, robust, yet fairly handsome young woman—barred their passage, a stern light in her large gray eye.

"Some more of your deviltry, Zenas Black! Isn't the bottom wide enough to hide your dirty actions, without bringing them over an

dirty actions, without bringing them over an dirty actions, without bringing them over an honest man's doorstep?"

"We've got your pap's word fer leave, Nell. Git inside an' blow up your fire, fer ef they ain't fared no better'n we hev, the boss an' your pap 'll be mighty sharp-set fer grub. Thar's a good gal—make way, Nell—the storm's comin' like a house afire!"

"Lookin' fer Tom Cowden, an's afeard we'll sp'ile the courtin'," said Bob, with a coarse langh.

"If you thought there was any chance of his comin' to-night you'd run for the brush, hot-foot, Bob Barker!" sharply retorted the young woman, but making way for the men to enter, a privilege of which they gladly availed themselves, as the dust and twigs began to sweep past on the wings of the bursting storm.

as the full force of the howling winds assailed the little cabin until it seemed as though it must be leveled to the earth or else raised from its foundation and carried bodily away. Presently there came a lull, and the door was forcibly burst open, two men entering in such haste that they almost fell headlong.

"Help bar the door!" panted the elder man, as the wild winds resisted his efforts. "The devil's in the air to-night!"

"You've been drinking again, father," and Nell looked steadily though sadly into the bloodshot eyes of the weatherbeaten squatter.

"S'pose I have—who set you up to preach at me! Keep on your own side o' the roost, Nell, and we'll get along all the better. There—set out what you've got to eat. We're hungry."

During this by-play the prisoner was keenly eying the man who had entered with Glaskin, and as he met his gaze his heart sunk heavy as lead. He knew now that the rumor of his

and as he met his gaze his heart sunk heavy as lead. He knew now that the rumor of his enemy's death was false. He knew that he was helpless in the power of one who never forgave an injury; and he knew, too, that this man, Philip Spencer, had sworn to kill him whenever they should meet.

"You know me, I see, John Fielding," and, though he spoke quietly, there was an evil light in Spencer's eyes that told how hotly his blood was boiling. "I learned you were in the country, and so set my men to guard one road, while I looked after the other. They have done their work well. Now then—Zenas, remove the gag. I would—but if my hands once touched him I could not answer for myself. I would tear him limb from himb! and there are a few questions he must answer me first."

"There is murder in his eyes! you will not suffer it, father?" whispered Nell, touching her parent's arm.

"It's no pie of mine—'tend to your own concerns, girl," sullenly replied Glaskin, turning

Zenas Black removed the gag, then stepped "Tell me what you have done—" began Spen-cer, but the conclusion of the sentence was lost even to his own ears, such a furious blast of wind struck the cabin, causing the stout log walls to tremble and shake as though dissolution

was at hand, while the wind swept down the wide-mouthed chimney, scattering ashes, sparks and some blazing brands around the room. "Look alive!" screamed Glaskin, as the low

bed in the corner began to blaze. "Quick! or the cabin 'll burn!" cabin 'll burn!"

The three men promptly joined their efforts to his, realizing their peril as the blaze, fanned by the eddying winds, shot up to the rude ceiling; but not so Nell. With a desperate resolution she staggered to the side of the stranger and severed his bonds with the knife she had just been slicing bacon with. Then she caught up one of the revolvers that lay upon the table and thrust it into his hand.

"Defend your life—only spare him—my father!"

ther!"
Despite the roaring of the tornado, Spencer caught her words, and, wheeling, saw his captive freed from his bonds. With a wild yell of rage he drew his revolver and fired.
At that moment a frightful crash rose even above the raging tempest. The aged sycamore tree was torn up by the roots and fell fairly across the cabin, crushing in the roof and flattening the walls as though they were formed of pasteboard!

tening the walls as though they were formed of pasteboard!

The eyes of one man saw the catastrophe, as he lay upon the ground, clinging to a stout bush; the eyes of Tom Cowden, Nell Glaskin's lover. With a cry of horror he dragged himself forward, and mally tore aside the splintered logs. Then—oh, joy! he heard his name—he saw Nell crawl from a little niche among the logs, bruised, yet alive!

The rest is easily told. When the tornado passed help came, and the tree removed. Five dead bodies were taken out—of all, only Nell escaped with life. Only to her lover did she ever tell the whole story—and not him until after they were wed—and the mystery surrounding the two enemies is a mystery still.

Ripples.

THE price of flour is getting so high that several Danbury people of an economical turn are giving money instead of bread to tramps.

WHEN Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, we think; but when American meets American it's "What'll you have to drink?

OLE BULL's six-year-old daughter is being educated as a violinist. The old man must be getting ready to hang up the fiddle and the beaux, then. THE price of strawberries is gradually com-

ng down, but they are still so high that only editors of newspapers, Niagara Falls hackmen, plumbers, and other millionaires can afford to indulge in them oftener than twice a day. "WERE you a member of the army?" asked the traveler of the wooden-legged man from West Hill. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "I was

membered by a recruiting officer, dismembered by a rebel artillerist, and remembered by a peg-leg manufacturer.' BAYARD remarks, in Andrews' Bazaar: It is well known that ants have no sympathies. When a mother-in-law ant talks much, her laughter's husband simply wrings her neck

provisions for the coming winter. An excellent man up-town who rebuked a youthful friend for devoting too much of his ife to horses, was so overcome when the other replied that life was but a span, that he was bliged to go home and lie down and take a little rhubarb out of a decanter.

and stores her up among the other domestic

How er-er-how are you, Jones?" "I-I-I-Ps z-z-z-well!" "Wo-wo-wo-why, Jones, you—you studder." "I s-s-s-s-stutd-s-studder!" Wo wo-wo-why don't you go to Dr. Carter?" 'Is-is-is-is-is Carter ge-ge-go—good doctor f-f-f -studders?" "O-o-o-ye—yes. He—he's z-z-z good doctor; he-he-he-he-cured me!"

A KENTUCKY dentist undertook to plug one of the back teeth of a favorite mule. He bored and bored until the drill struck something that seemed to lift the animal's soul right off its That's the way the coroner explained it, and since then a wild mule has been galloping up and down the country, seeking for fresh worlds to conquer.

How often, oh, how often we find a man who will pay eleven dollars for a box of cigars without a question or a moment's hesitation, who will contract his brows and start back in speechless horror and stare for ten straight ninutes at the item, "to one piece of dress braid, ten cents," in a dry goods bill that his trembling wife hands him.

HARDLY could there be a more solemn sight than to see a man, upon leaving his barn-yard for the night, proceed to chain and lock the latch end of the large gate, and walk off with a look of perfect security, little regarding the fact that any one desiring to open the could lift the other end off the hinges with all the ease imaginable.

"I think, my dear," said the President, as he took his night-shirt from under the pillow, "that we will give a dinner, by and by, and have Sherry—" "Rutherford!" said Mrs. have Sherry—" "Rutherford: said the have Sheridan and some of the Haves. "—have Sheridan and some of the army people," concluded the Commander-in-Chief, as he adroitly slipped into bed, and left Mrs. H. to tuck up the baby and turn down